

THE STAR ABOVE ALL!

**LORDOMAT C35**

Sole Agents: GILMANS

RELAX IN **DAKS**

THE HIGHEST COMFORT IN ACTION TROUSERS

**Whiteaways**

HONGKONG & KOWLOON

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### A Delay—Why?

It may appear cavilling to ask why the Hongkong Health Authorities were a day later than Manila and Taipei in imposing safeguards against the possibility of cholera entering the Colony from Bangkok, but at the risk of irking Government, why could we not have acted a little more promptly?

According to our references Asiatic cholera is infectious and often fatal. The risk that an infected person would enter was perhaps slight—by air anyway—because many airlines seem to have acted independently and insisted upon anti-cholera inoculation certificates from all passengers travelling through Bangkok en route to other destinations. But with the Colony, and particularly Kowloon, so densely populated as it is, the smallest risk is not worth taking.

### No Reply

ACCORDING to this newspaper the Health Department cabled the World Health Organisation in Singapore for information on Wednesday, and even though no reply had been received by the time the statement was made to this newspaper yesterday, precautionary steps were taken.

The Thai authorities, however, made a statement on Tuesday (published in Hongkong on Wednesday) that an outbreak had occurred claiming 12 deaths among the 56 people stricken. Could not Hongkong have confirmed this on Wednesday morning by either sending a wire or making a long-distance telephone call to the British Embassy in Bangkok?

The Thai authorities have been criticised by WHO officials for not notifying them of the outbreak sooner. But the fact that WHO did not reply to Hongkong's request for information immediately is a poor excuse for our delay.

## REBELS ATTACK ROAD CONVOY

Singapore, May 30. An unidentified Indonesian rebel radio said today rebel guerrillas, armed with hand grenades and trench mortars, had attacked a Government road convoy in Tapanuli, West Sumatra. Several trucks had been damaged, and Government

# HK MOVES ON REFUGEE YEAR

## Appeal To WFUNA To Back The Idea

by a China Mail Reporter

The United Nations Association of Hongkong has decided to support in principle the proposal for a World Refugee Year and will urge the World Federation of UN Associations to back the idea later this year. The World Federation will meet in Brussels in September.

The Hongkong UNA has informed the WFUNA of the following resolution it took at a recent meeting that:

The Secretary-General of the World Federation of the United Nations Association is requested to put the question of a World Refugee Year on the Agenda of the 13th Plenary Assembly of the World Federation of United Nations Associations to be held in Brussels on September 1-4, 1958.

The Hon. Joint Secretary of HKUNA, Mr. Hilton Chong, said today: "We feel quite sure that WFUNA Executive Committee will give these resolutions the attention they deserve."

### Two Resolutions

The HKUNA has also informed WFUNA of another resolution it passed recently. This was to ask the Executive Committee of WFUNA to appeal to member UN Associations to contribute generously to the Special Account which has been established by the High Commissioner for Refugees for assisting Chinese refugees in Hongkong in consultation with the Government of Hongkong.

It has also asked the Secretary-General of the WFUNA to appeal on behalf of the HKUNA to the UNREF executive committee session meeting next month to take urgent action to obtain substantial contributions to the Special Account.

### Encouraging

The World Refugee Year would be held from Christmas next year to Christmas 1960 if the proposal made by three young Conservatives is adopted. In answer to questions submitted by the China Mail one of the authors of the World Refugee Year plan, Christopher

Chataway BBC TV commentator and Tory writer said that the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had made a "moderately encouraging" reply to a question in the House of Commons on the WRY proposal. He also said there was considerable interest in the Foreign Office over the idea.

A group of four or five Conservative MPs are also actively backing the project and there had been a "very sympathetic response" from large international organisations with headquarters in Britain concerned with refugee work.

### Convinced

Under the WRY scheme, both Chinese refugees in Hongkong and Russian emigres in China would benefit. It is hoped the WRY would ensure adequate funds for voluntary organisations now engaged upon relief work in Hongkong as well as provide funds for schools, houses and basic facilities for refugees.

Chataway said that anything Hongkong could do to impress the facts about the Colony's refugee problem in Britain would be of "enormous assistance" to the WRY proposal.

He also said the British Government might agree to propose a World Refugee Year "if it is convinced that there is sufficient interest throughout the country and from British subjects abroad."

## Douglas Jet's Maiden Flight

Long Beach, May 30. Douglas Aircraft's giant DC-8 jetliner rose successfully off Long Beach Municipal Airport today and roared out over the Pacific on its maiden flight.

Donald Douglas Jr., Company President, said "It looked real great—we knew she would get off into the blue yonder without any trouble."

Today's event was viewed by operators of 17 world airlines which have placed orders for the jetliners at a total value of some \$700 million.

A spokesman for Douglas said the "break-even" point on the Company's investment would come after these were sold.—U.P.I.

## LONDON STRIKE

### 11th HOUR TALKS SUCCEED

London, May 30. Eleventh-hour talks today between trade union chiefs and Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, have removed the immediate danger of a combined bus, power and petrol strike in London, industrial observers said tonight.

Mr. Tom Yates, Chairman of the Trades Union Congress General Council, said after the meeting that he thought talks would be resumed between London Transport and leaders of London's 50,000 busmen whose strike is now in its fourth week.

"I do not think there is a likelihood of an extension of the dispute until every possible avenue has been explored," he said.

Earlier today week-end leave was cancelled for 6,000 soldiers in view of the possibility of the curtailment of petrol supplies in the London area next week.

### Support

Power union leaders tonight declared their support of the busmen but asserted their intention to move cautiously.

The Trades Union Congress stepped into the dispute when it appeared the busmen's strike for higher wages might spread and endanger jobs of other workers.

Mr. Macmillan decided to stay in London over the weekend to be "on call" and Mr. Ian Macleod, Minister of Labour, cancelled a tour of Wales planned for next week.—Reuter.

### Took It Literally

Little Rock, May 30. One taxpayer has taken an exceptionally literal advantage of Arkansas tax laws.

The law permits taxpayers to pay half their tax in May, the other half in November. The taxpayer owed a total of US\$952.

Yesterday, the Tax Department received a cheque for US\$952.—U.P.I.

## DE GAULLE IN PARIS

Paris, May 30. General Charles de Gaulle arrived in Paris tonight to speed up formation of a "Government of National Safety" as the last dihard Parliamentary opposition to him, except for the Communists, began to crumble.

Driving with his wife from his home 150 miles east of Paris, General de Gaulle arrived at a hotel shortly before midnight.

Small-scale rioting between de Gaulle supporters and Communists swayed up and down the Champs Elysees, broken up by police charges as he arrived. But General de Gaulle himself did not see the fighting.

At the same time, the key Socialist Parliamentary group was meeting again in an effort to reach a final decision on accepting the former Free French leader.

The group was addressed by its Party chief, ex-Premier Guy Mollet, and the Parliamentary floor leader, Maurice Deixonne.

Both flew to his country home to confer with him this afternoon.

Parliamentary sources said M. Mollet and M. Deixonne returned "deeply impressed" by General de Gaulle and were urging Socialist recruits to drop their opposition. The Socialist Steering Committee also reportedly favoured the General.

But about 25 Socialist Left Wingers were said to be still holding out. Meanwhile the Communist-led C.G.T. Trade Union Federation called for a stepping up of the anti-Gaullist struggle, and urged its supporters to "multiply strikes, works stoppages and demonstrations, and hit back at the 'Fascists'."—U.P.I. & Reuter.

## And Harold King Reports: HE MAY BE PREMIER BEFORE MONDAY

Paris was in an almost festive mood today as the arrival of a Government headed by General de Gaulle became increasingly probable within the next forty-eight hours.

Both M. René Coty, the President of the Republic who yesterday opened the constitutional gates to power for General de Gaulle, and the General himself were working at overcoming the last hurdles.

Both men received a number of party leaders throughout the day. Inside the Assembly the current was running strongly for the General. The Parliamentarians appear to have realised their intense unpopularity in the country.

### Move On

Two striking examples were observed by this correspondent yesterday. Three members of parliament standing just outside the gates of the Parliament building, the Palais Bourbon, were asked by a police officer to move on.

They said they were Members of Parliament. The answer came: "Move on all the same, you have done enough damage as it is."

The other was the sight, reproduced in a number of photographs in the papers today, of policemen and security guards giving the V-for-Victory sign as pro-Gaullist demonstrators marched up the Champs Elysees last night.

In the assembly the proportion of deputies who would be ready to link up with the Communists in a popular front has no corresponding strength in the country.

A Communist organizer revealed to this correspondent that eighty per cent of the crowd of demonstrators who on Wednesday marched through the eastern part of Paris in defence of the Republic were Communists.

### Faded Echo

As it was, the parade here on Wednesday seemed to have no faded echo of a past period of pre-war history.

Main problems to be solved before General de Gaulle finally consents to present himself for investiture to the National Assembly tonight were:

★ Ensuring that a substantial part of all the national (non-Communist) parties vote for him at his investiture in order to provide the "frank and broad" confidence the General stipulated in his first official message yesterday.

★ Obtaining agreement of the party leaders and their followers to the extent of the full powers the General has called for.

Leaving out the Communists and Progressists (fellow travellers always voting with the Communists), the General needs most of the remaining 444 votes if he is to be satisfied.

The General can count on practically all of the votes of the extreme right, conservative and centre parties and also on most if not all of the 78 Popular Republicans. This may be estimated at over 300 votes.

## COMMUNIST PAPER IS SEIZED

Paris, May 30. The first and second editions of the Paris Communist daily newspaper L'Humanite were seized by Police today.

A L'Humanite spokesman said the editions had been passed by a censor but that the Police objected to an article alleging that Air Force General Lionel Chassin was plotting to take over an Army airfield by force.

The article was cut out of the third edition of L'Humanite which was permitted to be sold.

News censorship will cease in France when and if the National Assembly invests General de Gaulle as Prime Minister, Information Ministry officials said today.—Reuter & China Mail Special.

## Storm Threat Over

No. 3 SIGNAL UP

The first big storm threat to the Colony this year fizzled out early this morning without causing any known damage to crops or property.

It showered Hongkong with less than one inch of rain for the 24 hours ended 9 o'clock this morning.

At 3.45 a.m. today, the No. 7 storm signal which was hoisted yesterday afternoon, was replaced by the No. 3 signal.

### Maximum Gusts

The Royal Observatory said that the tropical storm had weakened to a tropical depression this morning and at 6 o'clock was about 130 miles southwest of Hongkong. The south-westerly winds were still strong but were expected to moderate later.

The Observatory also predicted cloudy weather today with periods of showers.

Gales, which reached maximum gusts of 59 knots yesterday, did little apparent damage.

The Colony resumed its normal activities this morning. Buses and ferries were again busy with office-going people and school children.

Fishing junks were still in the typhoon shelter. At the time of going to Press, no reports of serious accidents were received.

### No Mishaps

No mishaps were reported in the harbour during the night. Ocean-going ships which took shelter at special typhoon mooring buoys or typhoon anchorages in harbour are gradually returning to their normal berths.

Early this morning, two ships, the Rita Maerk from the United States, and the Hermbold from Bangkok arrived in port after having been delayed yesterday.

No ships left port this morning, however. The ferry services between Shamshuipo and West Point, between Kowloon, City and Wanchai and between Hongkong and outside harbour islands, which were at one time suspended yesterday, were resumed this morning.

### Macao Ferries

The Hongkong-Macao ferry Tai Loy had cancelled her sailing from Macao to Hongkong yesterday while another two, Trakshing and Leo Hong did not sail from Hongkong to Macao.

The owners of the Leo Hong announced this morning that she will resume service at 11 p.m. tonight.

The sailing at midnight of the Trakshing will be decided later today.

## Locusts Invade Algiers

Algiers, May 30. Swarms of locusts invaded the city and port of Algiers today. Anti-lost squads went into action to fight the invasion.—France-Press.

An historical tradition . . . . that holds true today. After a good dinner, at nine o'clock, when the atmosphere is rosy and expansive:

## A BOLS LIQUEUR

Whether it be Apricot Bols, Bols Creme de Cacao, Bols Curacao Triple Sec or Cherry Bols...each is of unquestionable standing and has its own distinctive aroma. Bols liqueurs are world renowned.



SOLE AGENTS: CALDERWOOD & CO. LTD. 2 CHATER ROAD. TELEPHONE 49978

**Kenwood first again!**

Right up to date with a brand new winner, KENWOOD proudly presents the first domestic electric shaver and shavers sharpener on the British market!

SOLE AGENTS: THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

**48 Die In Big Heat Wave**

Patna, May 30. Death-roll in the record heat-wave sweeping Bihar state is now 48, with temperatures in the shade ranging between 110 and 118.—Reuter.

**EUROPE**

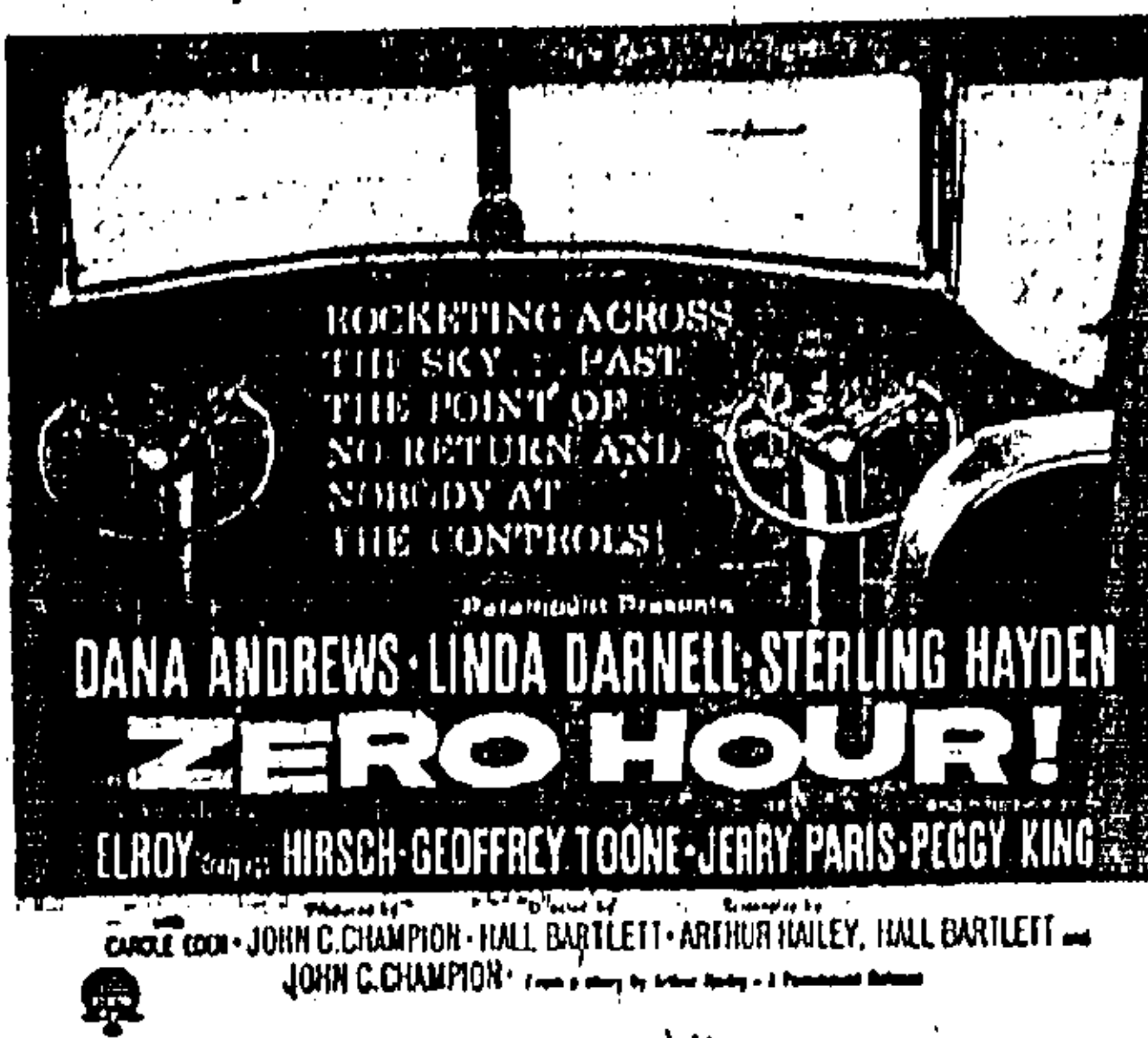
FLY TO ROME DUSSELDORF GENEVA PARIS

AIR-INDIA



# KING'S PRINCESS

• TO-DAY •



**KING'S** To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.  
SPECIAL MATINEE  
20th Century-Fox present a  
Programme of TERRYTOON Technicolor Cartoons  
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

**PRINCESS** TO-MORROW  
SPECIAL MATINEE

At 11.00 a.m. RKO-DISNEY present a  
VARIETY PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M's Spectacular Romance  
"VALLEY OF THE KINGS"  
Starring: Robert Taylor — Eleanor Parker  
In Colour  
Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

## ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Please note change of times:  
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

PAUL NEWMAN just voted by the Cannes Film Festival  
as the BEST ACTOR of 1958 for his performance in  
"THE LONG, HOT SUMMER"



**JOANNE WOODWARD**  
Academy Award Winner  
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR  
in her finest performance!

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S  
**The Long, Hot Summer**

PAUL NEWMAN - JOANNE WOODWARD - ANTHONY FRANCIOSA  
ORSON WELLES - LEE REMICK - ANGELA LANSBURY (cast by 1958)

EXTRA! EXTRA! At the ROXY: To-day At 2.30 p.m.  
FREE "SUNKIST" TO ALL PATRONS

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of  
"THE LONG, HOT SUMMER" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.  
3 STOOGES COMEDY & M-G-M TECHNICOLOR  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices

## STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HENRY FONDA

**12 ANGRY MEN**  
... IT EXPLODES LIKE 12 STICKS OF DYNAMITE!

LEE J. COBB - ED BEGLEY and  
E. G. MARSHALL - JACK WARDEN  
PLEASE see it from the beginning!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
M-G-M TECHNICOLOR WALT DISNEY'S  
CARTOONS PROGRAMME FEATURE-LENGTH  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOON  
"LADY AND THE TRAMP"

At Reduced Prices  
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m. Marilyn Monroe in  
"NIAGARA" in Technicolor  
At Reduced Prices

# FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

A COMPLETE change of films all round makes this an interesting week-end. The Roxy and the Broadway are taking off "The Young Lions," but in its place goes "The Long Hot Summer," a film that shows the genius of Jerry Wald from opening to closing shot. A kind of behind the scenes film, it is the second of the new pictorial type of personal dramas, insensitive in personal relationship, but as true as life.

Two films use the "bring them together" technique: "12 Angry Men" locks you up in a jury room; "Zero Hour" traps you in a plane where sickness has ousted both pilots. Both films are gripping in their way.

Science fantasy returns with a real shocker, giant man-eating scorpions in "The Black Scorpion" at the Lee and Astor. The Queen's and the Hoover and Liberty group join up to give "Dian Charn" a three-theatre Hongkong premiere.

THERE is quite a lot to say about "12 Angry Men," which is showing at the Metropole and Star today. It is a most unusual film, and will appeal more to the intelligent and discriminating filmgoer, rather than the vapid-minded person who drops in a cinema, closes his mouth and opens his eyes, and waits for what the distributor has sent him.

I had better say in what way it is an unusual film. Well, first trusting to my memory, I should say that no other film has relied on so small a location for a film. Other films have come near it, and some very fine films at that. "Front Page," a classic of the thirties; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," almost all centred around Elizabeth's sitting room; films taken on ships and in trains, but all these Broadway people are doing in the film. The answer is, it was filmed in New York, and as a consequence, the actors could carry on with their shows, and take time off for the film. They can easily do that in London, but Hollywood bring where it is, never.

Personally, I should like New York to build up its industry, if only to challenge the monopoly of type, not quality, of films we

tain drop in a play to denote the passing of time, or the shift from one scene to another. This film has none, for any division, nor any flashbacks to relate what has passed.

The person who knows what I'm talking about will say: "All right, so you have a static film." The answer is, you haven't. By keeping the camera trailing all the time, you get a most vigorous reaction. Nor does the camera move illogically just to get movement. Let me qualify. You watch one of the jurymen making a point, and what he is saying annoys his opposite number, so the camera allows you to see the opposite number getting worked up. Suddenly a quiet chap bursts into anger, the camera is there to get his reactions, and so on. I followed one sequence, and although I did not time it until I saw it was going to be quite long, it seemed to me to last for almost ten minutes. This must mean that one of the longest shots in film history. It is a new technique for the cinema, an exciting one, an acknowledgement that at times there is an intelligent audience. But actually the skill and technique comes from the bright young men who operate television, and incidentally, the young men who have given the Hollywood Rajahs terrific headaches.

The action surrounds a jury who have been locked in to find a verdict on a young man held for murder. Regarding the playing. As is possible with a jury, you get twelve different types: the chap who couldn't care less and wants to get it over; the chap who intends to dominate the jury and bring in his findings; the quiet chap who wants to agree with everyone.

The greatest contrast is between Henry Fonda and Lee J. Cobb, yet every jurymen contributes his own quota of personality to the film. I cannot help but praise a production that dares to be different and venturesome in the interest of cinema art. It is the Barretts of Wimpole Street, almost all centred around Elizabeth's sitting room; films taken on ships and in trains, but all these Broadway people are doing in the film. The answer is, it was filmed in New York, and as a consequence, the actors could carry on with their shows, and take time off for the film. They can easily do that in London, but Hollywood bring where it is, never.

Personally, I should like New York to build up its industry, if only to challenge the monopoly of type, not quality, of films we

get from Hollywood. So on that account, I give "12 Angry Men," full marks.

THE way I see "The Long Hot Summer," is as a kind of smouldering film which suddenly bursts into flame. Taken from a book by William Faulkner, it has that clever theme by which you take what seems to be an ordinary family from anywhere, and suddenly you turn the glaring light of an author's perception onto their private lives, until every little detail and every secret hope, whim, and weakness, is exposed to the public gaze.

In a way, it is cruel writing, it shows no pity whatever for any one, but none can deny it is clever, and creative writing at its best.

When such a theme is taken over by Jerry Wald, you have the world's greatest producer on the job. Nowhere is there another producer of his ability to take these small location dramas, and show us the very nerves of life, exposed and raw, and bleeding. That was the brilliance of "The Long Hot Summer."

There are long sensuous scenes which are disturbing, which fall into place in the drama, and are essential to its comprehension. Such is a scene between Anthony Franciosa and Lee Remick, when the audience is never quite told whether the desire to retire with his wife during these torpid days is yet another sign of Franciosa's weak indulgence; or the terror of his father who demands a grand-son.

Introduced into this atmosphere is Paul Newman whose very ruthlessness only emphasises Franciosa's weakness, to the contempt of Orson Welles, the powerful and unprincipled dictator of this seemingly sleepy Southern town.

Joanne Woodward, now established as an actress, takes over the role of a sensitive and troubled daughter of the family, who in the end seems to accept the fact that the only way to deal with a ruthless man, as her father, is for another man, equally as ruthless, to outwit him.

(Contd. on Page 3, Col. 5)

## NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

STAR & METROPOLE: "12 Angry Men." Clever one-set social drama. Action mainly confined to jury room. Extremely clever camera work employing TV technique. No dissolves, no fadeouts, no flashbacks. Excellently cast with huge Broadway names: tense, stark, violent audience response. An unusually intelligent film which has Henry Fonda play the lead as well as produce. Reginald Rose, top States TV writer and producer, associate producer, and responsible for story. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Ed Begley, E. G. Marshall, Jack Warden.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Black Scorpion." "Hartley" fantasy which has the earth threatened once again, this time by ghastly scorpions, and the exact locale, Mexico. Spine chilling, it is the old story with a different kind of species. The points about this film are it is more authentic, therefore more convincing. In that the producer goes to more trouble to produce an location where the earthquake zone can be shot with terrifying reality. Unsuitable for children. Richard Denning, Mara Corday, Carlos Rivas, and Mario Navarro.

HOOPER, LIBERTY and QUEEN'S: "Dian Charn." Million dollar production of the story of the "Wonder Girl" of the Han Dynasty. Beautifully filmed in Eastman colour, with period costumes of dazzling beauty. Beautiful and sensitive direction; winner of five

awards at the Asian Film Festival, Linda Lin.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Long Hot Summer." Jerry Wald production of William Faulkner's novel of the same name. Film takes small Southern States town, and unfolds the doors to the audience, showing the feelings, stark, revealing, humiliating, yet true to life, with no attempt to gloss over the complex paradox of human behaviour. CinemaScope, made in colour by De Luxe, captures scenic beauty, but concentrates on close shots. Wonderfully cast with acting rising to great, on occasions. Raw to indecency, yet never offensive, both producer and director observe the ethics of the film, but make no concession to the puritan. Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, Orson Welles, Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Zero Hour." Locks you up in a plane where the pilots are with food poisoning. Point to make is, author of script has brought his types into this plane. They get aboard, their minds full of their personal problems, which fade into insignificance before the present danger. A clever presentation. Smooth dialogue, good characterisation, tense, suspenseful, suspense, sensitive in approach to individual problems; good direction. Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Sterling Hayden with Elroy Hirsch, and Geoffrey Toone.

COMING

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Ride Back." Good adult Western. Has Anthony Quinn starred as a killer brought back to stand trial for murder. Lita Milan plays the Mexican sweetheart of Quinn, a killer, and performance. William Conrad is the law officer. A real Western, Indians as well. Good direction, and good characterisation by Quinn and Conrad. Easy going pace mounting to build-up. (Indian attack; Conrad's decision to stand trial). Individual performances good in a now over-worked situation.

LEE & ASTOR: "Carve Her Name With Pride." Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Produced by Daniel M. Angel. Screenplay by Lewis Gilbert and Vernon Harris. Based on book by R. J. Minney. Photographed by John Wilcox. Music by William Alwyn. British Rank Film Distributors. Virginia McKenna, Tony Fraser, Paul Hodge, and Violetta Acker. Jack Warner; her mother, Denise Grey; and other. True story, this detailed roles given. Story of woman agent for British forces. She is at 19, war bust at 21, dead in German concentration camp at 23. Awarded George Cross. Made with restraint, showing individual change away from black, Napoleon, Maryline, and a film that will remain great.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Man Hunt." Western drama. Usual tale of misunderstanding and great purposes lead to the climax in this film. On the basis that the Western will never lose its popularity, this film is a good average, sticking close to conventions, and maintaining the fabulous theory that right will triumph. Good direction; best use made of conventional plot: colour by De Luxe; well cast; several bits of CinemaScope. Don Murray, Diane Varsi, Cliff Willis, and Dennis Hopper.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Dian Charn." Belongs to the Paramount classic. Well worth seeing again, and has topical angle from current affairs. Caused considerable comment when first issued. Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Frazer, with Anna Sten and Susan Harcourt.

## QUEEN'S HOOPER LIBERTY

TO-DAY: 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Winner of 5 Golden Harvest Awards  
at the 5th Asian Film Festival

**DIAU CHARN**

OF THREE KINGDOMS

LINDA - TSAO RAY

EASTMAN COLOR

A SHAW STUDIO PRODUCTION

Add Morning Performance To-morrow, Sunday  
QUEEN'S: 11.30 — HOOPER: 12.00 — LIBERTY: 12.30

## CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

**John Wayne**  
**Sophia Loren**  
**Rossano Brazzi**



Legend of the Lost

CAPITOL  
To-Morrow Special Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
"VICTORY AT SEA"

RITZ  
To-Morrow Special Show  
At 12.15 p.m.  
"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

## ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

IT'S THE BIG-TOE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES  
Loaded with laughter! Throbbing with thrills!



SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30-5.15-7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Morning Show Tomorrow 12.30  
"PLANE AND THE AIRBORN"

To-Morrow Morning Show  
"ORIENTAL EVIL"

## Princess Garden

RESTAURANT NIGHTCLUB

Proudly Presents

TWO GRAND FLOOR-SHOWS

THE ATIENZA SISTERS

CANDY LEE



Sensational Juggling  
Acrobatic & Fire Dancers



Inter-Continental  
Flash Bomb

NIGHTLY AT 12 MID-NIGHT & 1.15 A.M.  
Music by Colm L. Carrillo & His Quintet Moderne

WORLD FAMOUS PEKING DISHES

Ying-Ying Theatre Bldg., Nathan Rd., Kowloon. Tel. 9400, 9474.

## TELEVISION

TELEPHONE 71-4041



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Behind A Newly-Cleaned Tablet In Westminster Abbey Lies The Story Of:

**THE** long process of washing Westminster Abbey's blackened walls and pillars recently reached an obscure tablet in a corner of the North Transept.

It is dedicated to the memory of Jonas Hanway, whose name (it says) "will ever live whilst active piety shall distinguish The Christian; integrity and truth shall recommend The British Merchant; and universal kindness shall characterise The Citizen of The World."

So much for prophecy. For Jonas Hanway, for all his active piety, his integrity and truth, his universal kindness, is remembered today—when he is remembered at all—only because it is he who first introduced the umbrella into Britain. He is the original Umbrella Man.

The umbrella itself, of course, is thousands of years old. It came from the East. Pythagoras carried one. The Roman legions were issued with them—as a protection from dizzle. And it came to England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century to protect the ladies from the sun.

To object to being rained upon was still then considered effeminate. It was Jonas Hanway who put an end to that.

### Portsmouth

He was born in Portsmouth in 1712 and at the age of 17 was apprenticed to a Lisbon merchant. Later he went into partnership as a merchant in St Petersburg, but after seven years he left to travel in Persia before settling in England again to devote himself to writing and charitable work.

He helped to found the Marine Society to encourage recruitment to the Navy. He became a Governor of the Foundling and the Magdalen Hospitals. He campaigned on behalf of the chimney-boys. And his writings? Seventy-four printed works he published.

## The Man Who Brought The Brolly To Britain

*They jeered at Mr Hanway at first... but he set a fashion for men about town and for Prime Ministers*

including "A proposal for saving from £50,000 to £150,000 to the public. And at the same time rendering 5,000 persons of both sexes more happy to themselves and useful to the country than if so much money were expended on their account."

His philanthropic activity won him not only a tablet in the Abbey. He also had a street named after him near the Tottenham Court Road. But the umbrella remains his abiding memorial. It is not known how he came to be the first man to wear it to ward off the rain. But it is known that his practice aroused widespread derision.

### Pavements

Picture him striding the London pavements in the middle of the nineteenth century. Cries of "Frenchy" mock him. The chair-men and the hackney coachmen, in particular, fearing loss of custom if patrons take to walking in the rain, jeer at him.

Some of them even make as if to run him down. But slowly over the years the practice of carrying, or wearing, umbrellas is taken up, first by a few eccentrics or galleys, later by the gentlemen of the town.

### Respectable

The clergy helped to make them respectable in the early days. They came in handy at the graveside during the reading of the burial service.

Soldiers took to them. The great Duke of Wellington's umbrella can now be seen at the United Services Museum. So many of his officers, however, carried them at the front that he was forced to proclaim: "I do not approve of the use of umbrellas during the enemy's firing!" Prime Ministers lent their authority to this new badge of class. Bonar Law carried one. On one occasion, while walking

back from the House to Downing Street, he used it to defend himself.

It was at the height of the Irish trouble. He thought a man who accosted him was Sir John Feiner, about to attack him. All the man wanted was an autograph.

But of all our Prime Ministers none gave himself more wholeheartedly to the brolly than Mr Neville Chamberlain. One of his suppliers was the Piccadilly firm of Swaine Adeney and Briggs and Sons Ltd. Whips and Umbrellas.

"Yes, we still have a big trade in whips," says Mr McGuire, the manager. "I can't say what sort of umbrella it was," he added with a discretion which would have pleased Mr Chamberlain, "but he definitely carried a Brigg."

Today umbrellas make big statistics. Three or four million are manufactured every year. More than 70,000 were left on buses and tubes in London last year. Indispensable for the man about town, they are smart necessities for the fashionable woman.

### All Thanks

All thanks to Jonas Hanway. It is he who has kept us (comparatively) dry all these ruling years. Come to think of it, he almost rates a plaque in St Paul's.

Ivan Yates

(London Express Service)

## Lost A Daughter—Got Another



## LEG-NIPPING CORGI WAS THE TERROR OF THE TAX MEN

**London.** JOY, an 11-month-old Corgi, was something of a terror to the income-tax people. What made her day was getting her teeth into an official of the department of Inland Revenue.

She nipped persistently at the legs of income-tax inspectors, both active and retired. Once, it is true, Joy bit the nylon-covered leg of a short-handled typist. But she, too, worked for the Inland Revenue. The peculiar preference of sandy-coloured Joy was considered last week in court at Exeter.

### In retreat

A tax inspector, Mr William Laid, said he was walking along a footpath when "the dog rushed out, bit me, and rushed back."

A retired income-tax inspector, Mr William Tozer, said that Joy had advanced upon him barking and snapping. "I took defensive action by raising my voice. It deterred her slightly, but she returned to the attack and I had to beat a hasty retreat."

The shorthand typist Miss Marion Britten, said she had five teeth marks in her leg after Joy attacked her.

In court to "take the side of Joy" was Mr Derek Ellicott, of Little Silver, Exeter, who pleaded not guilty to failing to keep her under proper control.

### 'Safe now'

He said that Joy was not his own dog, he was looking after her for the owner. He did not think she was dangerous and had never had any complaints. An order was made for Joy to be kept under control. Later one of Exeter's income tax officials said: "Now we won't have to take the long way round to work any more and the girl's tyrons will be safe."

Mr Tozer, the man who beat a hasty retreat, added: "She is a beautiful little dog. I'm glad she didn't have to be destroyed."

**FROM** Cleveland, Transvaal, South Africa, comes the strange story of Mr and Mrs van Aswegen whose nine-year-old daughter, Maria, was recently killed in a street accident.

The next day a strange woman came to their door with a child and said, "Here is a new daughter for you." But the van Aswegen's joy was short-lived. The step-father of the child, named Carlina van Wyk came the next day and took her away.

Once more the van Aswegen were heart-broken—until the very next day a couple came over and gave them their six-year-old daughter, Jeannette Coetzee, for the Coetzee family were very poor and were only living in a single room.

Last week the first papers for adoption were signed, and so happiness reigned once more in a heart-broken house.

Picture shows Mr and Mrs Jacobus van Aswegen with Jeannette. — Central Press Photo.

## Brenda, 12 Died For Love Of Her Dog

**London.** BRENDA HOLT lived for her dog, Butch. She died for him too.

For when 12-year-old Brenda saw him run into the road, and heard a squeal of brakes, she was FRIGHTENED TO DEATH. And Butch escaped unhurt.

The story of Brenda and Butch was told in a Birmingham coroner's court last week.

Butch was in a dog's home when the little girl found him. Just a scruffy black mongrel pup that nobody seemed to want.

Brenda had been promised a dog of her own once the family got a house. So the stray, condemned to die if he wasn't claimed, became her pet.

Wherever Brenda went Butch was never far away. And when she found her home in Warren Road, Washwood Heath, with a friend he tagged on behind.

### Silent house

He frisked around their heels, then scampered off the pavement. A passing car jerked to a halt.

Brenda was sick with fright. She gathered him in her arms and carried him back to the house.

Suddenly she went pale and collapsed in a chair. Minutes later she was dead.

At the inquest a pathologist, Professor J. M. Webster, said it was "a most unusual and extraordinary case."

He agreed with the coroner, Mr George Billington, that Brenda must have suffered a great shock when she saw her dog nearly run over. Her distress led to heart failure. And the only verdict was Misadventure.

**London.** Railway signaller Arthur Barrett and his wife will live on the job when he retires soon. The 56-year-old British Railways agreed to sell him a disused station. Barrett said he'll convert the porters' room into a kitchen, women's waiting room and station master's office. And the only verdict was Misadventure.

## FILMS

By ANTHONY FULLER

(Contd. from Page 2)

The answer is, we never do know what goes on in another person's mind. We can guess, but no two conclusions will be exactly the same, and our findings will be conditioned by the kind of person we are.

That is the cleverness of the whole thing, and why the American films are taking a great step forward as creative art. Or perhaps, merely re-creating, in modern idiom, the former greatness of the English novel, not in its national sense, but of all who have written greatly in the English language.

Gone is the cut and dried conclusion, where the bad man is very bad, and the good man is very good, and goodness is rewarded, and badness punished. Life is what it is, with all its mysteries and unaccountable tricks. And this film is a chunk of life, raw and at times frightening, and yet again humorous. The casting is superb, and the only fault is Jerry Wald of all people should know that the Southern drawl is as hard on our ears, as is the cockney accent on American ears. Better stick to the acceptable standardisation understood universally. A truly good film.

★

"From Ghouls and Ghosties, And long-legged Beesties, And things that go boom in the night, Good Lord, deliver us."

Old Cornish Lullaby.

WELL, here we are back with the nightmare brigade, this time in Mexico where a volcanic eruption disturbs some heavyweight scorpions, and like most things, including humans, they are not at their best when disturbed in their sleep. So "The Black Scorpion" has it.

Consequently, they emerge to discover who has been knocking on their ceiling, and quite unjustly, seem to hold the human beings responsible for the disturbance.

The only way they find possible to prevent recurrence of the noise is to wipe out all the members of the human race within sight.

As a horror film, I hold it is good of its type, and as we have not had such a film for some time, its appearance comes as a novelty. This time I do not know what makes this scorpion, 150 feet in length, and over 50 feet high, operate, but I suspect trick photography, and double exposures.

Producer Frank Melford has gone to an awful lot of trouble to achieve authenticity, and to provide precise locale, moved his pit down into Mexico to achieve realistic volcanic atmosphere.

The Lee and Astor are presenting this film. Of its kind it is very good, and I suppose you would classify it as science fantasy. This is no publicity stunt, for I never let myself up with the blurb the distributors present. This film is unfit for children, and anywhere else, it should not be allowed to see this nightmare fantasy, so leave them at home.

Good production; horrible situation; a loathsome monster; spine chilling atmosphere. Lead taken by Richard Denning and Mara Corday; supported by Carlos Rivas and Mario Navarro.

★

**BELIEVE** it or not, I was once in a situation similar to that shown in "Zero Hour," now at the King's & Princess. I am not saying that the passengers were as excit-

ing or complex as portrayed in the film, but we had this in common; at one of the stops we had taken something not quite fresh, and as a consequence, we all had a mid-Asiatic version of the Hongkong dog.

As "Zero Hour," has it, the pilots of the plane go down with food poisoning, and as a consequence, Dana Andrews and his wife Linda Darnell have to take over the plane. Dana Andrews has other worries on his mind, both domestic and reminiscent, so you have a very long and intense scene as he tries to bring in the passenger plane. As a reviewer should never reveal plot, I want to say at this stage that his taking over the plane is perfectly logical, and fills in the sequence without stretching the long arm of coincidence.

The plotting of this film is good, and the now familiar control station to plane sequences are very well done, and as far as I could tell, very authentic. The angle the scene is played from is good as for the first time in this kind of film we have a passenger making over the aircraft.

The suspense sequence lasts for over fifty minutes, and it takes considerable toll of the audience, and there is considerable handkerchief twisting and nail biting.

The cast is quite large for this kind of film, and the small parts are well played, giving a more authentic detail to the background of the film.

So if it's tense atmosphere and breath-taking excitement you want, "Zero Hour" is your film.

★

So important is "Diao Chuan" that it is released locally at three theatres at the same time, the Queen's, Hoover and Liberty. "Diao Chuan" was made by the Shaw Organisation of Hongkong, and they plan to bring out such colossal productions for an international market.

As a matter of fact, this particular film cost over a million dollars Hongkong, and while it carries huge prestige, the limited market of Hongkong and other small areas in Asia can never pay for such productions. The film earned five major awards at the 5th Asian Film Festival, and the actress Linda Lin carried off the major award. Now as a production, I am qualified to speak on spectacle alone, for the subtleties of dialogue and by-play, what we call the business is all tied up with language.

Painted in Eastman colour, it carries all the ancient charm of the days of the Han Empire, and the girl Linda Lin portrays actually lived, and so oral tradition has it prevented the collapse of the Han Dynasty by children, and anywhere else, it should not be allowed to see this nightmare fantasy, so leave them at home.

Good production; horrible situation; a loathsome monster; spine chilling atmosphere. Lead taken by Richard Denning and Mara Corday; supported by Carlos Rivas and Mario Navarro.

Getting onto firmer ground, the film is well produced, and the characterisation is superb, the atmosphere authentic, in the sense it seems right with the plot, while the old sorrow of long ago seems well brought out in the pictorial theme of the plot.

From every angle it is an interesting picture. From the technical angle a step into the big pictures of the world. As an artistic adventure, and that is what it is, it is really great.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



QUEEN Elizabeth soon recently at the Woolwich Depot of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, making an inspection tour—a tour which included some close-ups of guided missiles, such as the Thunderbird.—Express.

★  
VISCOUNT Elvedon celebrated his 21st birthday last week, became a millionaire and partner with his grandfather, Lord Iveagh, chairman of the Guinness brewing company. He is seen cutting his cake at a party at Elvedon Hall, Suffolk, for 1,400 tenants and workers.—Express.



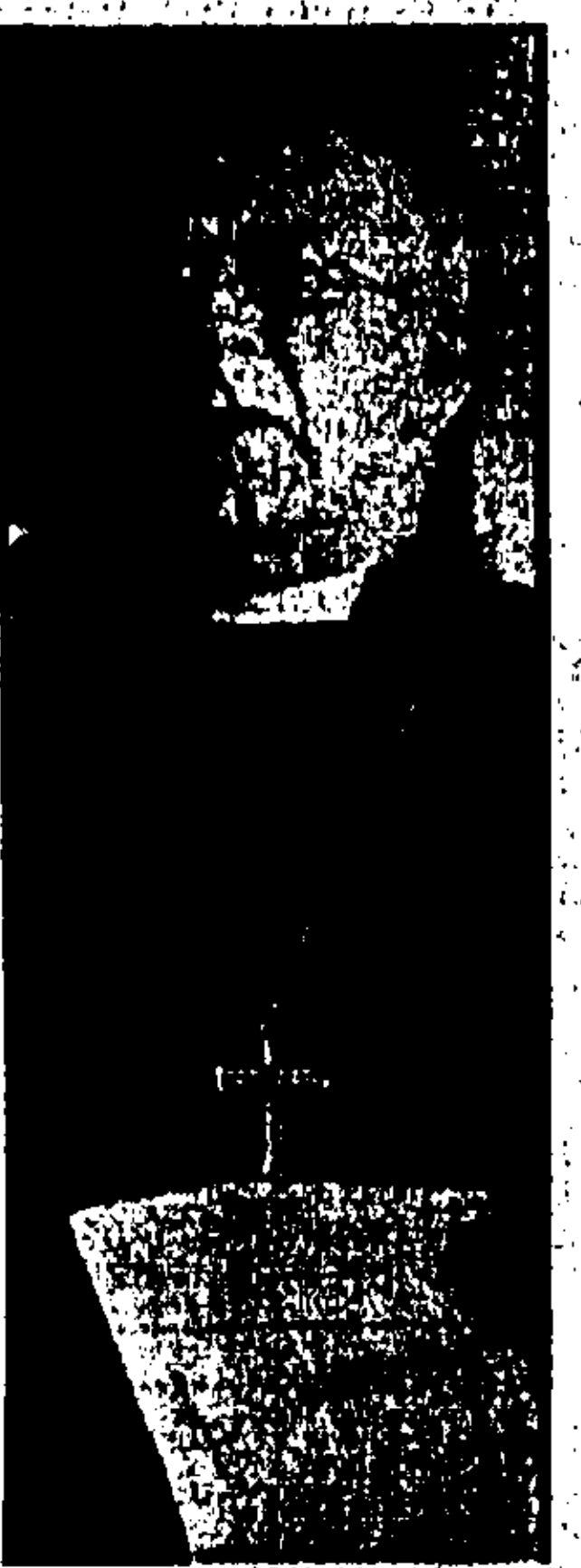
BEGUM Haque, 20, one of British Overseas Airways Corporation's new hostesses on the Indian run. She is one of 24 girls from India and Pakistan who are on a five-week BOAC course at Sunningdale. — Express.



FLAGS were out in Paisley, Scotland, last week for Prince Philip when he arrived under his citizenship scheme for young people. He presented medals and diplomas to 79 Paisley boys. Here a youthful admirer waves as he drives past.—Express.



★  
HULA comes to the Royal Navy! Wrens practice the dance for next month's presentation in London of the Royal Tournament, annual British military pageant.—Express.



Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, seen recently in London at a press conference when he explained his invitation to Cypriot Archbishop Makarios to attend the forthcoming Lambeth conference. He said he informed Government departments several months ago of his decision to invite Makarios. — The Times.



FIFTY persons were injured when a workers' train crashed head-on with a shunting engine last week at Paisley, Scotland. The first two coaches telescoped, jumped into the air and landed off the track. Seen are firemen removing a seat from a wrecked compartment. An injured passenger was laid on it until an ambulance arrived. — Express.



WHEN British actress Virginia McKenna returned home recently from Jamaica—where she had been spending a brief holiday with her husband, Bill Travers, (as above)—she told reporters she is expecting a baby in November. Said she: "I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl... All I want is a baby, which is something beautiful anyway."—Express.

PRINCESS Margaret is taken for a ride in a Goggomobil, baby car of her frequent escort, playboy Billy Wallace. The car—seven feet long—is a change for the pretty princess from her customary Rolls-Royces and Daimlers.—Express.



## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





## PIDGIN LANGUAGES

Robert Wallace  
Thompson

## Griffith

This usage could, presumably, have been extended to India and the "greenhorn" involved limited to the British Isles and not merely to the Principality.

The word seems to have been particularly popular in Madras where there is a reference for 1894. A writer in 1898 says "at the Inn I was tormented to death by the impudent, persevering of the black people, for every one is a beggar, as long as you are reckoned as a white or a new-comer". In our time may have a mock-heroic ring about it in egallarian English and American ears. It has not the power to wound speaker and listener as has boy with its strident and core of disrespect.

## Agar-Agar

This is a sea-weed, used in the manufacture of gum and paste, especially that employed in the making of paper lanterns and models. It is also the base of some Chinese sweet-meats and may be used in the preparation of birdseed soup.

An account of the trade in this commodity in former times may be read in Description of the City of Canton, 2nd ed., Canton, 1839, page 131. Yule and Burnell, in Hobson Jobson, state that it is a Malay word.

Certainly Malaysia is the area where the plant grows in greatest profusion. The botanical name for this sea-weed is *Sphaerococcus lichenoides*.

## Amah

Maid-servant. It is used in combination with other words to form compounds such as wash-amah, baby-amah, number-one-amah and the picturesque and presumably obsolete chow-amah (wet-nurse).

It is the Portuguese ama (also used in Spain). Both Portuguese and English gave this name to a wet-nurse in the south of India and in other parts of the East (I have heard of American residents in Japan use it). It is now the Hongkong word for non-European maid-servants in the same way as coolie and fohi are employed for non-European labourers, porters and other relatively unskilled workmen and women.

## Cash

This was the name given to a small copper coin, once the only coin in China, worth about one tenth of a cent, according to the older books. Its Chinese name was tung tsien, etc. The word is Anglo-Indian in origin and again, was borrowed from Indo-Portuguese which seems to have had it from one of the Indian languages. The early forms in India resembled Sanskrit karsha. The Portuguese form cash is presumably "contaminated" by the traditional word meaning chest, etc. Cash itself is probably a straight translation of this form, though it too may have suffered similar contamination.

One writer, quoted in Hobson Jobson, observes that "in China the word cash is used by Europeans and their hangers-on as the synonym of the Chinese le and tsien."

The earliest European reference to this name occurs in Hobson Jobson in 1910.

John Davis wrote in 1890 (Purchas 1, page 117) "These (coins) of lead are called cashes, whereof 1000 make one mas." "The mas" referred to is the mass of China Coast Pidgin. We shall have something to say of it later.

Note: In spite of the erudition of the remarks on "Captain" in last week's column, I feel that the use of this word for Head Walter in Hongkong at the present time is a pure Americanism.

Not long ago an English friend of mine wrote me in despair that his son, regarding history as the badge of "savagery" and becoming a "Captain of Officers" at the Royal

## Sensations Of Sport No. 2 By John Cottrell

THE ROUGH-HOUSE  
DERBY DISASTER

KING GEORGE V fingered a white carnation in his buttonhole as he talked with the Crown Princess of Sweden, Queen Mary, standing with the Duke of Connaught, ranged her binoculars over the vast crowd of politicians and peers, bookies and tipsters, pedlars and gypsies.

It was June 4, 1913. The scene was set for another Derby, that most colourful of all events on the British sporting calendar. And, as ever, it had attracted a wide cross-section of society to Epsom Downs.

This year, a record crowd turned out to see the famous flat race for three-year-olds. They came on foot, on bicycles, by automobile, and by a new-fangled form of transport called the motor omnibus. They filled the stands and packed the rails along the one-mile four-furlong course.

On this day, in the third year of George V's reign, they were to witness the most sensational and disastrous Derby since the race was first run in 1780.

They called it the Rough-house Derby. And with excellent reason. There was a disgraceful amount of bumping and disquieting of the race, and for the first time in the history of the classic race, there was a disqualification for interference.

Not since Running Rein was disqualified in 1844, when a gigantic plot to deceive the stewards with a four-year-old was attempted, had such a thing happened in the Derby.

But the disqualification of a horse—unfortunately it happened to be the favourite—shocked only the racing fraternity. Another incident in the race shocked the whole country.

Just as the field rounded the bend at Tottenham Corner, a woman dashed on to the course, narrowly escaping death under the iron-shod hooves of the leading horses.

Then to the horror of the crowd—she threw herself in front of a horse carrying the Royal colours. The King's horse was brought down, the jockey was injured—and the woman was killed.

This incident did not affect the outcome of the 1913 Derby ensured that the 1913 Derby

would never be forgotten, that it would be recalled more often than any other event in the history of the turf.

This Derby, so packed with sensation and suspense, began under leaden skies and on firm turf. Craganour, owned by Mr. Bower Ismay, a rich shipping magnate, was the 6-4 favourite. And, to the delight of most spectators, he was well up at the start.

Aboyer, a 100-1 outsider, quickly showed in front, followed by Aldegond, Craganour, and Nimbus, with Sun Yat and Louvois close behind.

At the mile post, Aboyer still led from Craganour. But those who had backed the favourite were not too worried. As all Derby followers know, the real test is at the sharp bend of Tottenham Corner.

It is a popular theory that the horse the lead after Tottenham Corner should win the Derby. Certainly it is excellent tactics to take the lead at this point just before coming into the final straight.

Aboyer still led round the bend. But then Craganour, coming up fast, made a great challenge. Neck and neck, the two horses fought for the lead, with the other horses bunched only a short distance behind.

As the crowd cheered and urged them on, the pair swept along at 30 miles an hour or

more, their hooves thundering on the hard turf. In the heat of their dramatic duel, the jockeys were oblivious to the chaos behind them when the woman brought down the King's horse.

Now, neither Aboyer nor Craganour could be described as an angelic horse, and when they came together in the final straight, Aboyer gave his rival a hefty bump.

Craganour, who had been bumping horses all the way, did not hesitate to bump Aboyer in return. And that cost him the race.

In the closing stages there was nothing to choose between the two horses and they finished together, with Louvois, Great Sport, Nimbus, Day Comet and Shogun only a few paces behind.

But it was clear that Craganour was home first by a head and the cry, "The favourite wins," went round the course. An unofficial "All right" was given; congratulations were extended to the winners; bookies began to pay out.

Two minutes later came the bombshell. The red "objection" flag was hoisted. And soon after, Aboyer, the 100-1 outsider, was declared the winner.

Mr. A. P. Cunliffe, owner of Aboyer, has been sporting enough not to object. The objection had been raised by the stewards, who disqualified Craganour "on the grounds that he jostled the second horse."

The judges also found that Craganour, "by not keeping a straight course, and at one point of the race seriously interfering with Shogun, Day Comet and Aboyer, and had afterwards bumped and bored the latter so as to prevent his winning."

The verdict caused general consternation. Punter argued; bookies were confused; the crowd was gloomy.

It had, indeed, been a most disappointing Derby in the words of a commentator of the time, "it was not a race, it was a fight."

Craganour was a most popular horse with race-goers. But there can be no doubt that he inter-

fered with other horses, and his jockey, American Johnny Reiff, admitted that he had bumped Aboyer in retaliation.

It was also an unsatisfactory result, for photographs later showed that Sir Edward Hulton's Shogun might well have won had he been given a clear run home.

The only people who could rejoice at the result were the bookies, the owners of Aboyer, and a little part of visitors who had all backed Aboyer because they had recently sailed in a ship of that name.

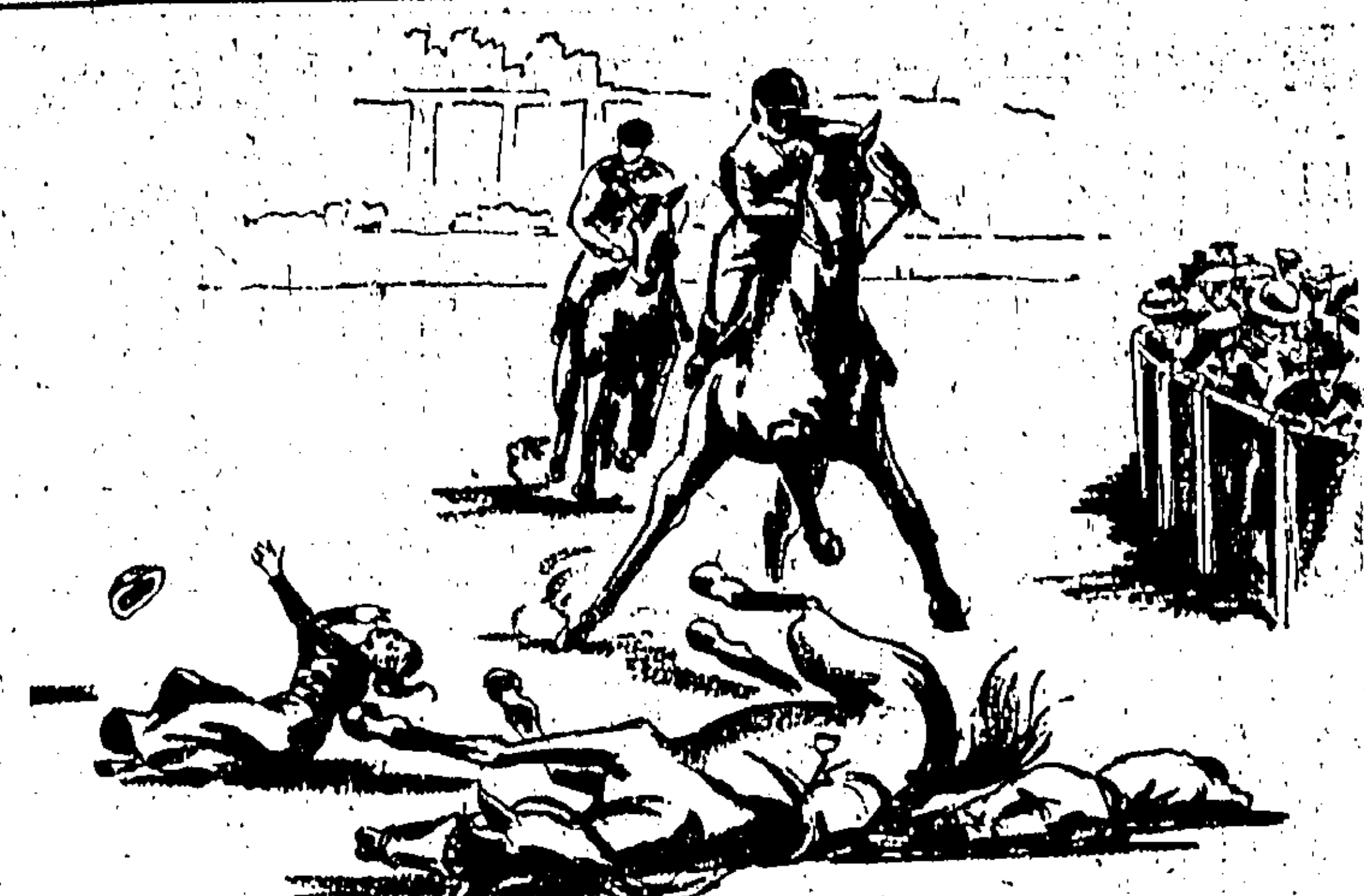
This verdict was to be debated for many years to come. But, of course, the big talking-point after the race was the unexplained action of the woman who had dashed in front of the King's horse.

Who was this woman? Why had she done it? Was she dead? What will the King say? Was the Royal jockey seriously injured?

These were the questions on everyone's lips, and it was several hours before all the answers were known.

The woman was a brilliant scholar by the name of Emily Davison and she died four days later in Epsom College Hospital after an operation for a fracture of the skull. The King's jockey, Herbert Jones, was also badly injured, but he lived to give a full account of his strange adventure. In the 1913 Derby.

The jockey used to recall that he was not altogether surprised to see a woman on the course; on three recent occasions, women had decided to cross the course while racing was in progress, and each time disaster had been narrowly averted.



To the horror of the crowd, Emily Davison threw herself in front of the King's horse, Anmer, and brought both horse and jockey to the ground.

gress, and each time disaster had been narrowly averted.

This time, jockey Jones thought he would easily miss the woman. When he first saw her, she was in the centre of the course and he was near the rails. But he was wrong.

Jones recalled: "Surely she was mad. She was running back into my path. She stumbled and nearly fell. I reigned Anmer cruelly. And then with a great rush she seized Anmer's bridle and leaped at his neck with the movement of a matador."

"An awful scream. The crowd yelled. Women fainted. In an instant we were all three in a struggling heap on the grass."

The King's horse scrambled to its feet and bolted. The woman was unconscious. She had blood on her face; her hat lay several feet away.

No one in the crowd could identify her. Then a policeman turned over her inert body, and found, tied round her waist, three ribbons: purple, green and white—the familiar colours of the Women's Social and Political Union.

The woman was a militant suffragette. The colours were the symbol of those who were campaigning furiously for votes for women.

Emily Davison was probably the most brilliant and daring suffragette of them all. She had once struck a Baptist minister, on Aberdeen station that he was Lloyd George in disguise. She had fired guns at boxes and broken windows of the House of Parliament. She had been imprisoned several times and forcibly fed when on hunger strike.

Once Emily barricaded her cell door and would not open up even when she was drenched by hoses pointed through the bars. Eventually, the door had to be taken off its hinges. By then the water in the cell was six inches deep.

Another time, she hid herself in the House of Parliament for 48 hours, staying in the room where Guy Fawkes was discovered. She planned to burst into the Chamber when Parliament reassembled.

Emily Davison, tall, thin, and in her late thirties, was a Bachelor of Arts, an able writer and an accomplished orator. But she was also a headstrong woman and had been one of the first to talk of sacrificing life for the cause.

Ten days after her death, she was given a "martyr's funeral" in London. Thousands of women, dressed in black, purple or white, marched in the procession.

Emily's last demonstration had ended disastrously—and achieved nothing. The following year the "Votes for Women" campaign was temporarily forgotten as Britain went to war.

As for Herbert Jones, who had won the Derbies of 1900 and 1909, he never fully recovered from his injuries. He contracted tuberculosis and, at the age of 70, committed suicide.

Mr Bower Ismay, disgusted and disappointed, sold his horse Craganour to a South American for £20,000. Anmer, the King's grey colt, was presented to the Canadian Government.

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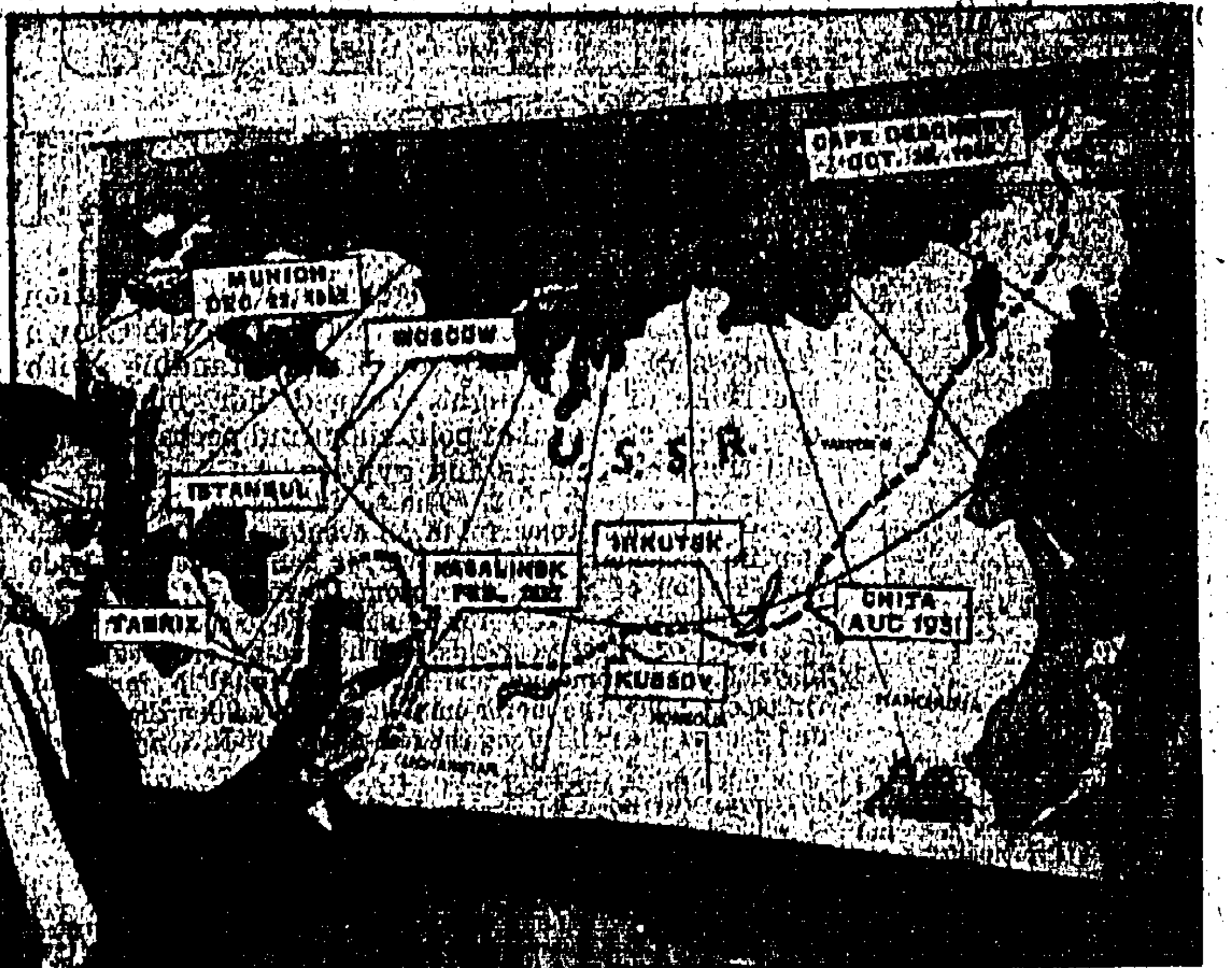
24, Jardine House.



He escaped from a prison camp at the end of the earth... now he tells of his nightmare march that took three years

# I WALKED 8,000 MILES TO FREEDOM

From Cape East (Deschnev), at the furthest tip of Siberia, to Munich, Germany, Clemens Forell shows the route of his three-year escape march. It was one of the most daring and arduous of all time.



FOR three years and across 8,000 miles I pitted my body and my brain against thousands of men in a gigantic man-hunt. I won.

I not only escaped from a Russian prison camp in the remotest corner of frozen Siberia. I got home, too, in spite of my pursuers.

Scared mentally and physically. A wreck of a man. But happy to have completed a nightmare march that neither my body nor my mind will ever be able to forget.

It was nine o'clock on the night of Sunday, October 30, 1949, that I set out from the desolate, ice-bound wilderness known as Cape East.

It was on the morning of Monday, December 22, 1952, that I reached Munich, in Southern Germany, my home town.

Yes, I was happy. But I knew I should never again be the man I had been when I served as a lieutenant in a German parachute unit.

My height is six feet four inches. I should weigh more than 15 stone. That day of my return to Munich I was a giant skeleton of less than 10 stone.

## HAUNTING FEAR

Happy? Yes, but I cannot overcome one haunting fear—that the men who pursued me in Russia will try to reach out for me even in my sanctuary.

They will not forgive me for beating them. They will try to take their revenge.

Munich is not far from the Czech border, where the Iron Curtain begins. People have disappeared across that border before, silently, in the night. It can happen again—to me.

That is why I refuse to allow myself to be photographed full face, why I use the false name of Clemens Forell, why I grow tense and suspicious when people question me.

I must remain in the shadows. But there is no reason why I should keep silent, too.

About the way Russia has dealt with its prisoners. About the German re-education camps—12 years after the war—may still be enduring the living death of the Cape East lead mines.

## THE DAMNED

It was at this outpost of the damned that, three years after I was taken prisoner in 1942, I was sent as a captive.

I have called it the remotest point in Siberia. It was more. It was truly the end of the earth.

For Cape East is the most extreme north-eastern point of the vast Soviet territory, just 50 miles across the Bering Strait from Alaska. From this God-forsaken land I escaped.

I must be the only man ever to have done so. The rest of the lead mine slaves will, I fear, stay there until they die—unless the hearts of the Russian rulers melt.

And I know how hard they can be. From the moment of my capture I knew there was little mercy to expect from them.

I had been parachuted with my company behind the Russian lines. My job was sabotage. We carried out a number of demolitions, withdrawing gradually towards our own lines.

## BULLET

We were almost across them, indeed, when a Cosack unit attacked. I was hit in the mouth. A bullet lodged in my head. It is still there. I was taken prisoner and sent to Moscow.

After many months I recovered from my wound sufficiently to be able to walk. And my first outing was a march through the streets of Moscow.

With 20,000 other German prisoners I was paraded through the streets of the capital for two days and two nights while the people screamed and spat and hurled filth at us.

His was a story no one believed. But the China Mail has checked on the man and his astounding claims. And now the story of Clemens Forell's 8,000-mile march can be presented as the real-life epic it is.

## By Clemens Forell

Only when we were taken to the surface for relief spells would be a problem for the guards. But, even then, blinking in the blinding daylight, we would be in no condition to escape.

Yet escape was all I dreamed of. Ever since my capture I had told myself that I must, I would, get home. I had a burning belief in myself.

On October 24, 1949, about 3,000 of us were loaded on to a train. Over 80 men were loaded into each truck—meant to hold about 40—and we were given a couple of half-cooked potatoes every day.

We were off on the first lap of our terrible, twelve-month journey to the farthest corner of Siberia. And death followed us every mile of the way.

Imprisonment and beatings had left us all weak. Now we were starving, too. Sub-zero temperatures tortured us, crushing our will to survive.

At every stop the doors were flung open and we laid out a few more bodies in the snow. By the time the train had reached Chita, half the journey had been completed and little more than half of us were still alive.

They transferred us to sledges and we travelled slowly on under the guns and whips of the soldiers.

Their job was to drive us on and on with threats and lashes without actually killing us. For the Russians wanted work out of us. But only 1,230 of the 3,000 who had left Moscow reached Cape East.

When we arrived at last, the first snow of the winter was falling. The cold gouged into our bones as we marched from the sledges. I saw a cluster of huts huddled on a narrow, grey plateau.

Dirty, ugly, barren huts, perched on the mean edge of the earth. But to me they meant shelter and warmth and light.

And then the guards marched us right past them.

They took us to the side of a hill that was peck-marked with tunnels. A Soviet soldier led about 100 of us into one of them, down a low, narrow passageway.

He talked loudly to himself so we could follow him in the pitch darkness. He lit a lamp and we saw we were in a large cave, furnished with one table and one stool.

I gazed around, fascinated at first. And then the terrible truth dawned on me.

This dank, dark cavern was to be my home... probably until I died.

It was all so simple. If we were housed above the surface, the Russians would have needed dozens of guards and all the paraphernalia of barbed-wire fences, searchlights, watch-towers, tractor dogs.

But hunched up together in the bowels of the earth, where we were both to live and to work, and one man with a Tommy gun could sit at the top of the narrow passageway and easily guard the lot of us.

His name was Vassily. He was a huge, friendly fellow who treated us well while we were on the journey, but lapsed into brutality when we reached the supply depot and met other Russians two weeks later. He dared not show any mercy in public.

Once we were out of sight of the depot, he became amiable again. But by that time I had made up my mind. I was going to escape, even if it meant only a few days' freedom.

I told Vassily this. As we sat in our tent one night, I said: "If ever I catch you zapping off!"

## FLUNG OPEN

At night, I'm going to push off!

From that night he lay at the entrance to the tent, his Tommy gun between his knees. But he had to sleep. And on the fifth night I stepped gently over his exhausted body, grabbed some food from the sledge, and ran.

I thought I might stay free for four or five days. I didn't care much where I went, because all I wanted was to forget a while that I was a slave.

In fact, it was 11 days before I was picked up. I was climbing a slight hill when a sledge, drawn by a team of huskies, swept over the top and slid to a stop near me. It carried two Russian soldiers.

Four days later an armed escort delivered me back to Cape East. I had savoured my brief taste of freedom and was prepared to take any punishment they could give.

But, to my amazement, the political officer just smiled coldly at me. Someone took off my travelling clothes and two soldiers marched me off to the mine head.

The food was quite good. I was allowed water not only for drinking, but for washing, too. This was luxury.

And it was in the hospital that I met the man who made my escape possible.

I had been there a couple of weeks when he arrived—a German doctor, transferred from a prison camp at Tomsk, a little grey-faced man in his fifties.

As senior officer in the ward, I asked to attention and reported the number of sick. He asked me my name. When I told him he frowned for a moment.

"A strange name," he said. "I studied at Tubingen University with a Forell."

"That might have been my brother, Ernst," I said. "He studied medicine there. He was killed during the war."

The doctor smiled. "Of course. Dr. Ernst Forell. By the way, my name is Stauffer... Dr. Heinz Stauffer."

Dr. Stauffer brought me luck almost at once. That day the interpreter asked him to name two prisoners fit enough to make a tough, six weeks' sledge journey to collect blankets and medical supplies for the hospital.

I was one of the men he chose. They fitted us out with warm clothes, gave us a good meal and introduced us to the guard who was to go with us.

FLIGHT!

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The blows crashed down. I lurched and stumbled. They pushed me up and lashed my back and my neck and my head, kicking me, screaming at me.

On, on through a haze of blood and pain. The iron crunched on my skull... and all was black.

A PAIN

I was lying on some canvas back in the mine when I woke up. I tried to move, but an agonising pain lanced my side.

Gently I felt my body and my head and found I was swathed in paper bandages.

Dark shapes swirled around me. I focused on them and saw they were the prisoners, going to work. I called to one, a thin, lank fellow.

Slowly, reluctantly, he shambled over. From him I learned of the Russians' devilish cunning.

When I did not return they cut the rations in the mine to a daily issue of thin barley gruel. Twice a day a security officer lectured them and told them they were being punished because of me.

DIRTY WORK

When the Russians heard I had been recaptured, they let the men gossip and talk about me, let their anger bubble to boiling point.

Then they left a ration of wooden cudgels, strands of cable and iron bars lying round the mine entrance. The weapons appeared overnight.

The cunning of it made me feel sick. My slave-drivers hadn't even bothered to punish me themselves. They had let my own fellow-countrymen do their dirty work for them.

After five days they put me to work with the others, though I was still weak and sore.

Most of us hacked away at the walls, gouging out chunks of rubble with its vein of lead and, incidentally, building new caves for future prisoners.

Four men loaded the rubble into baskets. And 10 men dragged the baskets to the surface.

INCREDIBLE

I could hardly believe it. It seemed I wasn't going to be punished after all. And then I saw my fellow prisoners outside the mine.

Each man was armed. Some had strips of wood. Some had trouser bolts. Some had lengths of wire cable. One had a curved piece of iron from a cart wheel. They were staring at me. And there was hate in their eyes.

"Parchol!" said the guard to me. "Quick march!"

I gazed at those faces, twitching with fury. The mine shaft

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"And here's one of Mummie and Dad taken the year Mummie decided they'd go to Paris instead of Eastbourne."

## ARE OUR YOUNG CRIMINALS BEYOND ANY HOPE?

IT was Sunday Evening in St John's Wood and the Baxters were enjoying the crackling of the grate fire and the cackling of comedians on the television set in the morning room. No one else was in the house and, therefore, it was rather odd to hear a sharp knock on the morning room door. We were even more astonished when we found that the intruders were a husky policeman plus a plain clothes officer and a dark haired youth with teddy boy clothes.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the policeman, "but this here young fellow got on to the roof of the house next door and jumped across to your roof m'am."

It was all very cosy and congenial, so much so in fact that I felt we should offer refreshment at least to the uniformed policeman. "No thanks sir," he said. "Not on duty." A log in the grate fairly split its side and then calmed down.

"That house next door," he said, "is always being burgled." This seemed odd for it used to belong to the famous ex-Torontonian Miss Beatrice Lillie and I cannot imagine her taking in burglars like unpaid guests. But if the youth was on the roof of the house next door why and how did he get into the Baxter abode?

"Well, you see sir," said the constable, "they've been burgled so often in that house that the whole place is full of burglar alarms. So this young fellow got frightened by the alarms and jumped across from their roof to yours." With an air of official dignity he added: "From your roof m'am he made an illegal entry into your house."

"He seems harmless enough," said my wife.

★ ★ ★

"Perhaps," said the officer of the law, "but take a look at this," whereupon he handed a thin rubber covered "cosh." "It doesn't look much," he said, "but one crack with that and you don't know what day it is." Feeling that he had probably said enough on the subject the constable took the youth by the arm, and we escorted them safely to the street.

"Apologise to the lady," said the policeman. The wretched boy turned to my wife and then with downcast eyes said: "Sorry you've been troubled." Thus was decorum maintained to the very end. But there was an epilogue. "I'll let you know when his case comes up," said the constable. And thus did St John's Wood return to silence and respectability.

So in a few days time my wife and I went at eleven o'clock in the morning to see justice administered. But there were many cases first to be heard and we settled down to study the tragic-comedy of a troublemaker.

"I'm a respectable woman," she says.

The morning after the night before has always been a harsh experience even without the interference of the law, but to wake up in "jug" and face a crowded court is enough to make one banish John Barleycorn for life.

In the box is a blousy female who has slept off her drunkenness in the cells. The charge is evidence, the policeman gives evidence and the magistrate asks the woman if she had had too much to drink.

"Then why did you get drunk last night?" asks the magistrate. "According to the evidence you screamed and tried to hit some one with an umbrella. When one with an umbrella is taken into custody you are reported to have said 'I'll get you for this, you pie-faced slob!'"

★ ★ ★

The magistrate turns to the burgher constable in the witness box. "Did she use those words in your presence?" The policeman straightens up and declares: "She used worse words than that, your honour, but I did not like to put them on record."

"Yes, yes," says the magistrate. "No doubt we can imagine what the accused said." Then turning to the woman he announces the size of the fine and adds: "This was your first offence and I have let you off lightly. I may not be so lenient if you come here again."

★ ★ ★

But the drunks are only the dreary hang-over in the morning's proceedings before the more serious cases are reached. Here is a nice looking young fellow who called a forged Saving Certificate for £5. There is no question of alcohol, nor is there even the partial excuse of harsh necessity. Any normal parent would be proud to have a son of his appearance. The magistrate who has to deal alike with things and torts looks at the young fellow in the box as if to break down the barrier between the boy and himself.

★ ★ ★

"You knew you were committing a very serious crime?" "Yes sir." "You were in some kind of a trouble?" "Yes sir." "Do you want to tell me what it was?"

### SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER PROBES FOR THE CAUSE OF TODAY'S MOST SHOCKING PROBLEM — JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

The boy looks down and his lips tremble. Then pulling himself together he answers: "I don't want to say anything except that I'm sorry."

So the mills of petty crime grind on. Harlots, cheats and drunks with a fresh supply each day. The very lives that are lost because in some queer way a form of truth. But the police court does not deal merely with the ramifications of petty thievery and drunkenness. Soon we were to be regaled with the case of two young men, of fair hair complete with Victorian side-boards and semi-sporting jackets and drain-pipe trousers.

The charge read against them was the serious one of robbery with attempted violence which was probably why they look so pleased with themselves. They were big shots and they looked under their breath until the magistrate brought them up with a jerk. Broad shouldered and slim of waist, they looked like a pair of perverted Tristrams. Not for them the boredom of office or factory work. They were for easy money even if it meant blackmail, violence or a long term of prison.

★ ★ ★

Yet there must have been a time when as little boys they gave joy to their parents. Tall and crudely handsome they would make any parents proud if only their insatiable vanity and dislike for honest work and had not eaten at their vitals. Not for them the blood and sweat and tears of high endeavour. Even under arrest the police court was to them a theatre in which momentarily they were the stars. By nature I do not dislike easily but when conceit links up with crime and when honest work is regarded as a mug's game then it is difficult to feel pity or even to hope that the sentence will not be too harsh.

★ ★ ★

By contrast one felt nothing but compassion for a youthful coloured Jamaican who, with a gang of toughs, had stolen a lorry. Because Britain is the mother country Colonial subjects can land in the United Kingdom without any money beyond a few shillings and go at once on relief and enjoy the full benefits under the Welfare State. Now that the Caribbean Federation has come into being the law may be altered but let me put on record that the Jamaicans especially have usually proved good workers and good citizens. The problem of black and white with all its inherent prejudice still remains but on the whole our coloured kinsmen in Britain have settled down and even though they long for the sun that keeps in hiding beyond the English clouds.

★ ★ ★

Moved by a natural curiosity of self-expression to perverted as to the adjourned fate of my youths who long for coloured youthfulness I attended the and dream of becoming a big

shot in the underworld. It may even be that gangster films have demonstrated that it is easy to be a big shot if you are tough enough, or perhaps it is partly the aftermath of the war when as small boys they saw the horror and excitement of the Blitz.

★ ★ ★

Whatever be the cause, and it is by no means confined to the United Kingdom, there is a malaise of youth in America and Britain which has found expression in the teddy boys and the walling epileptic rhythm of hollow tired hit parade songs emerging from youthful throats. It may be that the cinema and television must accept some responsibility. It may well be that the influence of the home is being weakened by the impact of so many mass medium factors.

I know that in this London Letter I have dealt with the problem of youthful crime and ignored the vast normality of countless homes but the sickle-gist should turn his mind to the malaise which for one reason or another is stirring up the latent sodden vanity of young men who find the battle of competitive existence too exciting and too unexciting for their taste.

★ ★ ★

But they did smile good-bye to their girl friend in the court, a young woman with bright blue eyes, like a lizard with dirty curls and black rooted peroxide hair.

★ ★ ★

Yet there was one moment of real Dickensian humour. A woman charged with stealing a wireless set was asked where she got it, and the following dialogue ensued.

Woman: It was under a tree m'lord.

Magistrate: Under a tree?

Woman: Yes m'lord.

Magistrate: You mean growing like a mushroom?

★ ★ ★

Thus ends my story. Like Tolstoy I ventured into the realm of crime and punishment and it is good to breathe the free air of the outside world again.

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

But behind the cash-carrying youth who was our unwitting Sunday evening guest, and behind the brutalised and blighted ten of what makes them turn to crime. There is good pay to be earned by some young men of muscle and reasonable intelligence if they are willing to work. Even with their stunted intellect and lack of moral responsibility they must know that once the police had them in their hands they are marked for men with no chance of eluding the law.

It may be that crime is a form of self-expression, to perverted youthfulness I attended the and dream of becoming a big

## Getting Away From It All — And Here's How

● A new prestige name is appearing in the tourist agencies' booking lists. It is IBIZA, the Mediterranean island which history passed by for 800 years... but which is catching up fast in tourist popularity.

I HAVE just returned by boat and plane from the distant past. From an island where thousands of the women dress each day in the spring modes of 1358; where unpaved tracks trod by the Moors still serve as main roads; where even the dogs are a breed which survives elsewhere only in the paintings inside the tombs of the Pharaohs.

I have been in the Spanish island of Ibiza in the Mediterranean.

Let me explain what I went to find out.

Centuries before I went to Ibiza, the Phoenicians went there too, and after them the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Moors. But until the last two or three seasons the British holiday-maker did not go at all.

While the big hotels were springing up all over neighbouring Majorca, Ibiza lingered quietly in the past.

But suddenly all that has changed. Suddenly Ibiza has become the new prestige word when holiday tales are swapped. Prince Rainier have to there for his honeymoon. Last year the Windsors went there. Everywhere the agencies are putting Ibiza on their books.

### The question

What difference has it made? That was the question in my mind as I leaned over the boat-rail watching the strange pink-and-orange cliffs of Ibiza growing nearer in the warm evening sun.

Then the cliffs ended and we churned slowly into the harbour of the island's capital, Ibiza itself.

In the picture postcards the town looks like a fantastic Hollywood set for a film of the Arabian Nights.

From the boat I watched the gleaming white terraces of Moorish houses twisting steeply up to the old fortifications, to the Moorish-style cathedral.

I watched the slanting sails of the dhows. Then I noticed that a crowd was rapidly forming on the quay. In Palma or Naples it would have been a crowd of porters, hawkers, hotel-touts.

### The only road

Soon I was in an hotel car rattling out through the streets and fields of the Middle Ages.

We were on our way to San Antonio, 10 miles away on the opposite coast of the island. From the back-seat I craned my neck to watch the countrywomen in their big lid-like straw hats and fringed shawls. The driver said: "This verri important road: moderno."

It didn't look particularly moderno to me. But later I found, that apart from a single mile stretch elsewhere, it was

the only made-up road in the island.

Beyond the groves jagged brown hills rose. Then the sea was a great bay of the Visitation type opened in front of us. We had arrived in San Antonio, the chief tourist centre.

Five years ago the visitor looking for an hotel or pension in San Antonio had a choice of exactly two. Now the total is 20. My hotel—one of the newest and best—was on the edge of the sands. For room, with private bath, and full meals I was charged 12s. 6d. per day. But it is possible to get good, clean pension or boarding-house accommodation—again with all meals—at 10s. a day at any town in the island.

The sands? At San Antonio they are quite so wide or glistening as the guide-books say. Near one noted beach a new luxury hotel is opening this month. But the beach is so small that I imagine it could look like Worthing at But Holiday when the hotel gets going.

### Negligible

You can take out a boat at negligible cost. You can swim with goggles and snorkel in the bath-clear waters. You even have the chance of fishing for a Roman jug from the sands.

Last year Marches took the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to eat fried lobster in Junito's open-air courtyard. We will get a dinner there complete with wine at works-canteen prices.

For bathing we will walk along cart-tracks a little along the coast on the long white beach called Es Cola. Having tired of brandy at 3d. a tot we will drink Hierbas—the strong local liqueur which has almost a bush of herbs stuffed into every bottle. Then we will change among the sacks in the storeroom.

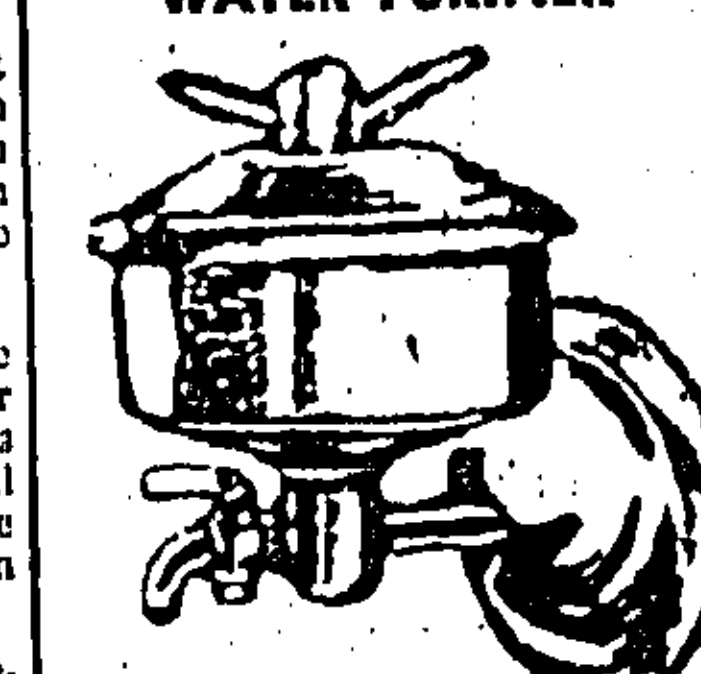
### Glorious....

The children will love it. They will love the baby goats in the fields and the point-eared dogs (brought to Ibiza by the Phoenicians). The weather—I know this from the records—will be glorious.



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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

VERONICA PAPWORTH'S MID-ATLANTIC CABLE

It's Just Like  
A Film At The  
Purser's TableAND THE STAR IS DIZZY  
ETHEL WHO SENT HER  
DOG TO A DOG COLLEGE

ABOARD the Britannic, NO telephones, no telly, no "personality," no noise—it's a negative list for positive bliss in my case.

Picture all this nothingness in the old Britannic and it probably won't surprise you to know that my friends have been making round eyes for weeks and crying: "But why don't you FLY?"

I used to have easiness worked out to a nifty: "Not on the same plane—because of the children, you know." "So much fog at this time of the year, isn't there?" "If it weren't for my defective car drum."

Now I come right out into the open and answer: "Because I'm scared STEEP." And I can't think why.

Statistics don't help—I know how safe it is. But just let me set foot on the runway and my innards are on the boil—my mind racing towards disaster.

My past life rushes before my eyes—always the duller bits too.

Have I paid the butcher's bill? If I don't come back will "they" give him his £14 15s. 4d.?

What have such characters as Eva Bartek and Norah Dicker got that I have not got? Eva flies out (in backless dress, pot hat, and slippers) looking as if she were just dashing round the corner to buy the baby a bib.

Norah returns (in white without a crease in it) looking as if she had just left the hairdresser's.

## I'm yelling inside

★ Met What with listening for a changing note in the engine, watching the propellers, and keeping one eye open for any sharp mountain peaks that might loom up I arrive a nervous wreck.

Add to these agonies that fearful moment when the captain comes round to chat: "Do hope you are having a good flight."

"Get back. Get back. Who's watching the dial?" I'm yelling inside me as I rustle up a watery grin.

Other people are so nonchalant as mid-air.

I've watched Richard Dimbleby lying back with his shoes unfastened—talking (naturally).....Charlie Chaplin writing letters....Eckberg sleeping.

Not me.

I'll take the sea any day.

Here, in this beautiful blue nothingness, we laze—looking, if only Dick Bogarde were with us, exactly like the cast of *Décor à Sea*.

As for the "ancient" Britannic—she is a perch of a ship. Not plushy like some of the Italian boats, but "cozy."

Gently she rolls, like an elderly porpoise, and in this little world of 1,200 souls on our way to New York we form friendships to last a week....or a lifetime.

## Dizzy

★ At the purser's table the feeling that I am taking my part in a Technicolor film persists. The purser is Jack Hawkins, with a little more grey above the ears.

Then there is Ethel, a deliciously dizzy American; Tom from Yale; Andy, the Biscuit King, a bearded surgeon who could stand in for James Robertson, Justice, and myself. We are a fine cast. All we lack is a Brigitte Bardot.

We lie in the sun, we laugh and do nothing—making firm resolutions to swim, walk the decks or indulge in violent syndicates tomorrow.

Dancing at an angle of 25 degrees is exercise enough for me.

Ethel is my darling. She is on her way to her daughter's wedding—the kids both have a couple more years at school, but they figure it'll be cheaper for them boarding out.

She is gay, well-informed, yet absolutely sane. I delight in the thought of an American pecked with bewitch. She has been telling me how her people went to college—daddy college, dear, naturally. I have this a six weeks course. Do you know when I went back for that dawg, he wasn't improved in any?

A KEEP-COOL  
SUIT FOR  
SUMMER DAYS

It's so "easy," so cool, and so pretty to wear—this Moya-gashel suit in pastel linen. The facings are of dotted Taiho and there is a brief matching blouse. You can buy it complete for seven guineas.

"You want to shout at him, they told me."

"Finally they suggested I get him psycho-analysed."

"And did you, Ethel?"

"Aw, no," said she, with a grin. "I just gave his little behind a good belting. That straightened him out fine."

## Yale tales

★ I've been introduced to Yale tales—stories with a kind of hanging humour in them, such as Yorkshire folk love. I give you a sample.

"Dad, why is little brother running around in circles?"

"Quite grumbling, will ye, or I'll nail his other foot to the floor."

"Either it ails you or it leaves you cold," says Tom.

The Biscuit King has told me all about golf.

"It's not a game—it's a whole philosophy. They say cleanliness is next to godliness. I'd put golf next. You've got to have a grip of yourself, you've got to know when to apply power—but controlled power. Oh, I could go on about it for hours."

He does. Our little world includes 40 surgeons all travelling to Conference in Washington. Was there ever such a profession for talking shop? Sitting with my ears pinned well back, I've learned so much—I figure I'll know how to saw a woman in half and sew her together again by the time we dock.

And I've been talking to some of the homing American couples.

I took drinks with a couple last night—both of them well into their sixties, I judged, and both as excited as a couple of kids at all they have seen. What asses we are to laugh at the coach loads "taking in" as they told me they had taken in "the Shakespeare country, Windsor Castle, and Oxford College" in one day.

## Would we?

★ At least, they've seen it—having saved hard for it. If only we could do the same thing in reverse. But would we?

My guess is that most Dads would rather go fishing or sailing.

I asked "Pop" if it had been his idea of a perfect holiday.

"It was for Momma," he told me. "Not, mind you, that I didn't enjoy it. But for years I've told her: 'One day, Momma, will you?'"

"I guess she's seen practically everything cultural there was to be seen."

"Momma's a whale for culture. Paintings, ruins, sculpture—we've viewed the lot."

"I've worn out two pairs of thin soled shoes and got myself a stiff neck—but she's happy? I'm off to a 'woman's country' all right."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If your kitchen strainer is rusted, it's time to throw it out. Strainer wire that is thinly coated with tin will wear through and rust, so it pays to buy quality in this, as in other kitchen equipment.

The instruction booklet for any major appliance should be kept attached to it, near it or in a place reserved for several such instruction pamphlets. If you have lost one, a new one can usually be obtained by writing to the manufacturer.

A twill weave in a material will drape better than a plain weave. Twill weaves are identified by the diagonal lines.

## PARTY PIECES



FOR summer parties or week-end cocktails, make yourself a Paris ribbon frippery. They are also pretty with cotton frocks.

Easy to contrive yourself. Cheap, too. And you can match them with each dress. French girls love these party pieces that give a dressy look, yet leave their hairstyles gleaming and unruffled.

★ ★ ★

Rix has sketched four ideas, all using ribbon. For the teenager, who wants to keep her fringe out of her eyes, there is the forehead band, passed under the hair at the back and tied in a rosette bow at one side. It takes a yard of satin or silk flowered ribbon and if your face is small you can have a bow at each side.

The more sophisticated girl, with good features, can wear a broad Alice band of velvet ribbon, pinned with a brooch or a flower. In the centre sketches you see how effective it is either with a fringe or a swept-back hairstyle.

This band takes half a yard of ribbon and has a small insert of elastic under the hair to give it a firm grip.

Glamorous touch for cocktail parties can be achieved by attaching a brief matching eye veil under the band.

★ ★ ★

Large tailored bows of nylon or taffeta are charming pinned on a fringe. Set it sideways as in sketch on the right, attached to a curly-grip, or wear it straight across the head just above a wispy fringe.

—(London Express Service).

## THE CRACKER LINE



NOW there is a chance of fine weather we are all looking for a dress to suit that Saturday night party.

It must be fashion-conscious, in tune with the new mood, cool to wear, pretty to look at and budget-priced to suit a slim, young purse.

Here are two Summer stints in the £5 price range.

For the short girl, a cracker-line dress in salt-white pique, sparkled with gold, trimmed with three large rosettes. Price £4 14s. 6d.

Her taller companion wears a flower-print shantung "cocoon" dress, with a dramatic draped back. In green, yellow and brown floral print, it costs 5 guineas.

—(London Express Service).

Doctors Debunk A  
Few Food Fallacies

by ANNE GLIDEWELL

WHAT every woman should know — about food—is due to hit the grocery counters in booklet form next week.

"More Fun with Your Food" is a book put out by the British Medical Association in which a group of doctors debunk all the popular fallacies about diet.

The medical profession is so worried about the bad effect lack of variety in British diets is having on the health of the country that the B.M.A. has spent £80,000 having 5,000,000 copies of this book printed.

In it, nutrition experts mix a host of out-of-the-rut recipes with some sharp, pithy medical comments on common food misconceptions. Some extracts:—

## Fats &amp; Thrombosis

● MANY people believe that coronary disease is caused by eating too much fat, or too much animal fat, for example, butter, eggs, meat. Or too much butter-fat from milk, butter, or cheese. Or too much "hardened" fats—margarine and some of the cooking fats. Contrarywise, they believe that eating vegetable fat is protective and lessens the chances of coronary disease. But it cannot be shown by comparing statistics in different countries that too much fat equals more coronary disease. There are too many exceptions. So do not let any theories about coronary disease spoil your enjoyment of your meals. Enjoy all the fats—in moderation.

## Sugar

● THERE is a peculiar notion that the mucky stuff which is refined sugar is in some way highly nutritious. It is true that it has a trace of some things like iron and a vitamin or two. The amounts, however, are vanishingly small, and you could not possibly get any worthwhile quantity unless you ate ridiculously large quantities of unrefined sugar.

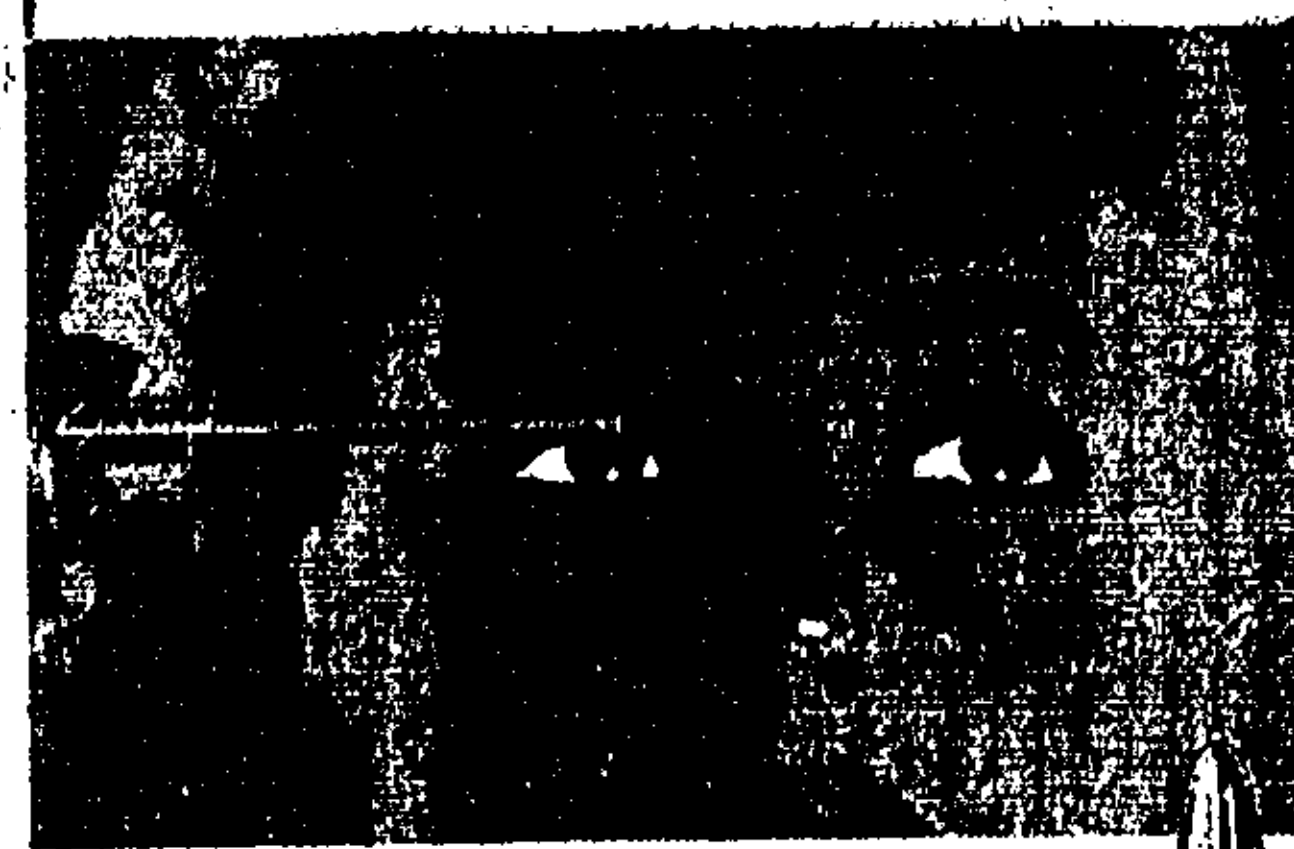
## Vegetarians

● A PROPER vegetarian diet can be just as good as one containing meat. Most vegetarians in this country are really lacto-vegetarians. They take milk and milk products such as cheese. Often they also eat eggs. Here the nutritional answer is

## Take It Easy

● HAVING at least a few minutes' rest after meals is certainly one way of making digestion troubles less likely. If you cannot spare 15 minutes to take things easy after the main meals you have twice a day, yours is a badly ordered life.

## The first brushless mascara!

Helena Rubinstein  
Mascara-Matic

curls, colours, waterproofs lashes!

THROW AWAY those old-fashioned messy brushes—Helena Rubinstein's brushless MASCARA-MATIC is here! In a wink! Unscrew and pull out applicator, sweep lashes; they're curled and coloured! Waterproof! The Waterproof Mascara formula won't smudge, smear or streak even in the rain! Controlled! Every time you open your MASCARA-MATIC, it supplies just the right amount of mascara to beautify both eyes. Three colours! Black or Brown for day or flattering Blue for nights.

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(Beauty Specialist, Helena Rubinstein Institutions, London, Paris)

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MRS Joy Bury (right), dancing examiner of the London panel of examiners of the Royal Academy of Dancing, shows six youthful students how it's done during an open-class session at the Carol Bateman School for Dancing.



THE Hongkong Special Constabulary Band, led by Irineo "Dizzy" Dixon, gave a public concert at Victoria Park on Monday.



AFTERMATH of the tragic traffic accident at Waterloo Road, Kowloon, recently. The coffins of three British Army Officers who were killed are carried to their final resting places in the Colonial Cemetery.



THE Whitsun weekend this year coincided with the birthday of Buddha and of Tam Kung, ancient hero of Hongkong fishermen. Encouraged by the sunshine and cloudless skies, thousands thronged to the beaches and other pleasure resorts in the Colony. Whether swimming, rowing, or just basking in the sun, the crowds—at Laichikok (above) for example—escaped for a while the near 90-degree heat in town.



IT was fiesta time at the Correspondents' Club this week when the Colony's Jaycees took over the premises to stage a gay and colourful "Latin American Night." Several popular nightclub entertainers added their talents to the evening's fun. Pretty Lita Sorelo (above) received thunderous applause when she sang to the accompaniment of Celso Carrillo at the piano.



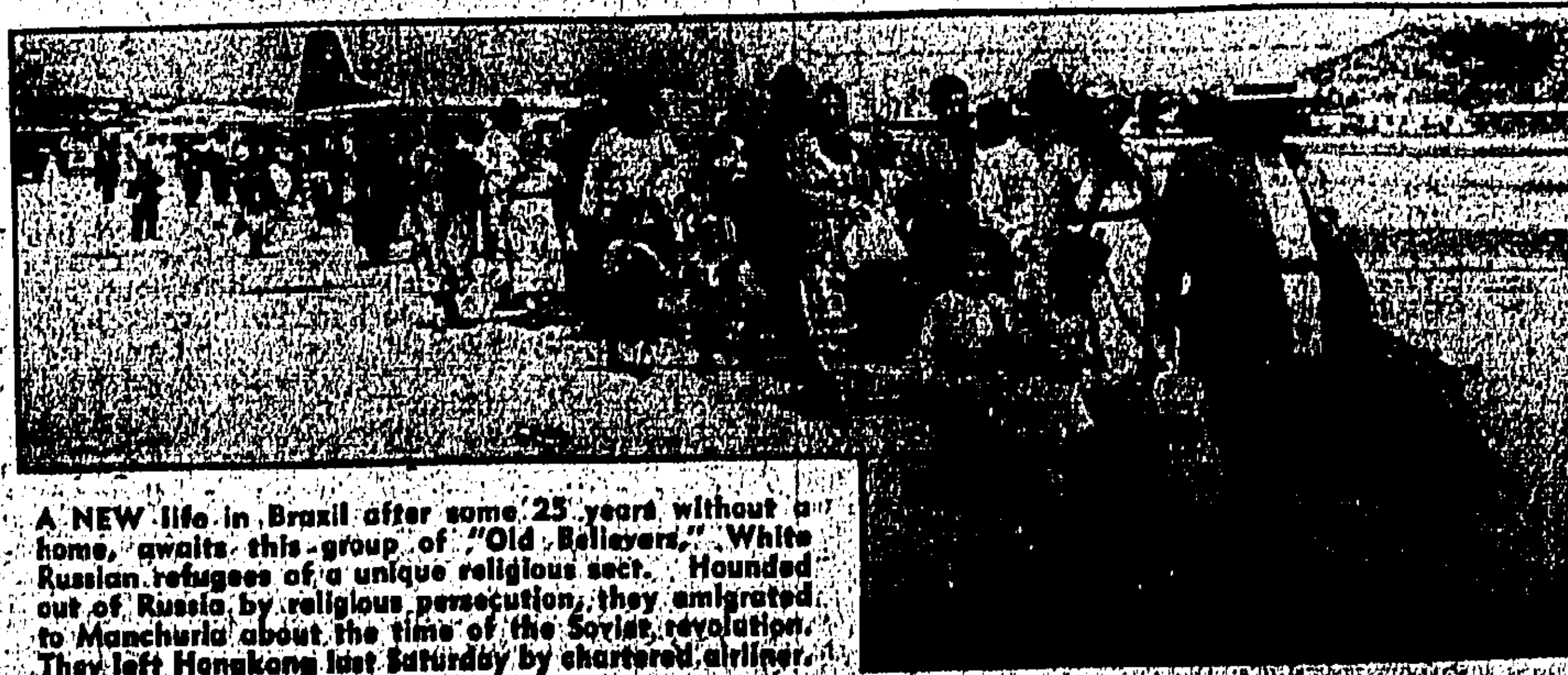
THE Prime Minister of Malaya, Tunku Abdul Rahman, meets the Press shortly after his arrival at Kai Tak airport this week. The Tunku, who earlier attended the opening of the Asian Games in Tokyo, spent a week in Hongkong when he met many Malayan residents at various social functions.

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A NEW life in Brazil after some 25 years without a home, awaits this group of "Old Believers," White Russian refugees of a unique religious sect. Hounded out of Russia by religious persecution, they emigrated to Manchuria about the time of the Soviet revolution. They left Hongkong last Saturday by chartered airliner.

**Now PHILCO outdates**  
**45 million refrigerators**  
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**GILMANS**





MRS. N. Lee (right) presents a souvenir of Hongkong to Mrs. Habsjah, wife of Tunku Maimoon Habsjah, Indonesian Consul-General, during a farewell cocktail party at the Indonesian Club. The envoy is leaving the Colony for re-assignment on June 10.

CAPT. Arthur Pateman (left), driver of the winning car at the Macao Grand Prix last year, receives a golden pin from Mr. W.M. Sulke, manager of Zung Fu Co., agents for Mercedes-Benz cars.

WREN Petty Officer Frances Brown is given a souvenir of the Colony during a party at the Volunteers' Centre last week. She leaves Hongkong on June 6 and hopes to settle down in London.

MR S.E. Bux receives a farewell memento from Mr. H.M. Sperry, manager of the First National City Bank of New York during a party in his honour. Mr. Bux is returning to Malaya after 36 years service with the Bank. —Ming Yuen.



ABOVE: MRS. Y. L. Ip, Y.W.C.A. board member chats with one of the children in the Faith-Hope Nursery, Homantin, during a tour of children's centres with her colleagues last week.



ABOVE RIGHT: MRS. Harry Odell welcomes His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, to the concert by world famous pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch at the Luke Yew Hall, Hongkong University.



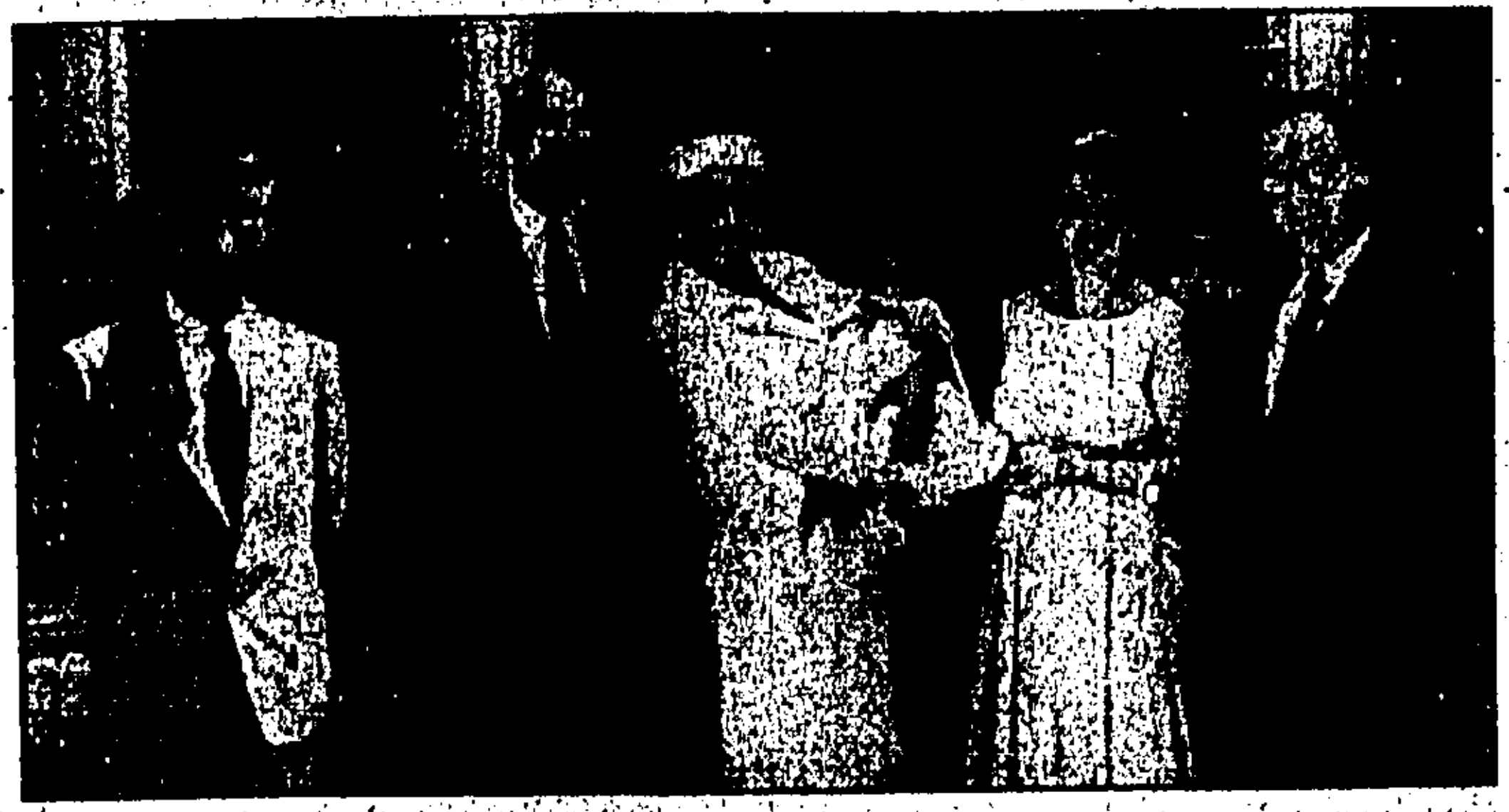
THE christening of Nicholas John Holt, infant son of Mr and Mrs E. Holt, took place at St Andrew's Church last week. Picture shows, from left: Mr A. Robbio, Mr E. W. Snell and Mrs Snell (god-parents) and Mr and Mrs Holt.



MAJOR Geoffrey Douglas Gill and his bride, the former Miss Mabel Dorothy Cochran, receive the congratulations of the Very Rev. F. S. Temple and Mrs Temple during their wedding reception at Flagstaff House on Wednesday. The wedding, one of the year's most colourful, was attended by many prominent person alities among whom were Miss Barbara Black, daughter of His Excellency the Governor. In the centre is Lt-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan, who gave the bride away.



LADY Black chats with one of the inmates during her visit to the Home for the Aged at Ngachuan earlier this week.



THE Commander-in-Chief of the Far East Air Force, Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon (left), is greeted by Mrs Holder, wife of Air Commodore P. D. Holder (centre), shortly after his arrival in the Colony on Tuesday.



"DR. SATAN," alias Mr. Osmond McGill, hypnotises a nightclub entertainer Dinah "The Body" Reed during a demonstration to the Press last Friday. He is the star of the show "Shrieks In The Night."



MR and Mrs Benedict Kar, shortly after their wedding at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi. The bride is the former Miss Dora Au.

EMERGING after the marriage ceremony at the Catholic Cathedral last Saturday, are Mr and Mrs John Chao Yiu-tong. The bride was formerly Miss Regina Chao Yiu-po.

MR Francis Fung and his bride, the former Miss Eleanor Tong, pose outside the Catholic Cathedral after their wedding last week. A reception was held later at the Gloucester Hotel.

PICTURES BY CHINA MAIL PHOTOGRAPHERS

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## Recipes

By Alice Denhoff

**COLESLAW** is one of our most popular salads and side dishes. You'll find it on the tables of small village inns and roadside diners but in luxurious dining rooms and exclusive club restaurants as well.

However, this most universal of cabbage salads isn't always properly prepared. So here are two wonderful recipes, one made with a simple dressing, the other with a rich sour cream dressing, that has many uses.

## Remove Wilted Leaves

Remove wilted leaves from a head of cabbage, then cut in fine shreds. This is important. Carelessly sliced cabbage will never make really good coleslaw.

Soak in iced water for about 1 hr. Drain well, dry between towels, then wash and shift until ready to prepare. To make a simple dressing, beat 2 egg yolks or 1 whole egg with tsp. prepared mustard. Stir in ¼ c. boiling hot milk and cook over hot water until creamy. Stir in ¼ c. vinegar, ¼ tsp. salt, a sprinkling of black pepper and tsp. celery seed. Cool slightly.

Pour over 3 c. shredded cabbage (there should be sufficient dressing to dress the cabbage generously). Chill and serve.

## Rich Dressing

For the richer, sour cream dressing, combine in top of double boiler, 1 tsp. flour with 1 tsp. sugar. Add 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. rich prepared mustard, ¼ c. vinegar and 1 egg. Mix well.

Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add 1 tsp. butter. Cool.

Fold into ¼ c. sour heavy cream. Pour over 3 to 3 c. crisp, dry, shredded cabbage, tossing until well mixed.

Serve with quartets of fresh tomatoes.

The sour cream dressing, so rich in flavour, works wonders for a cottage cheese salad and is delicious with cucumbers and fresh tomatoes.

## Epicurean Dish

Beet salad can be a very uninteresting mixture or it can be quite an epicurean dish.

Boil 6 medium-sized beets until tender.

Remove skins. Slice, quite thin. Add a small onion, sliced thin.

Bring to boil, ¼ c. vinegar, ¼ c. water, 2 tsp. sugar, a bay leaf, 2 tsp. prepared mustard. Four over beets.

Set aside to cool slowly, then chill before serving. Slices of onion may be removed, before serving, if desired.

Getting away from salads, here's a wonderful way to prepare baked potatoes.

Scrub the skins of fine Idaho or Maine potatoes, rub well with shortening or salad oil and bake.

When done, cut a cross on top and squeeze until the potato pops. Insert a lump of smoked turkey paste for a real taste treat and sprinkle with paprika.

## Feminascope

## Beware the shape under the shape!

AND BLAME THE MEN FOR IDOLISING IT...



THE big beautiful uplift bra is to blame for the figure mistake of 1958; a chemise, a trapeze, or a sack dress with one of those engineering masterpieces that gave the uniform a bit of form in 1943.

Said the bra buyer of a big London store: "It's a difficult problem. We try to stop the girls buying the uplift bra—but they insist men like them. Yet I can remember the scornful remarks made by men about the ridiculous way women distorted themselves. But now that women have a chance to look more natural the men still don't seem to like it."

It's the same with bathing dresses. What gives a swim suit an old-fashioned appearance is not whether it is a Bikini or a cover-up. But it is whether it has all those darts and dagger-like seams that are meant to boost the bosom.

"I wish that girls would buy new bras before they try on new dresses," said one of the salesgirls to me in a Bond Street dress shop last week. "But they don't believe that their shape underneath is what makes the sack look so strange."

Study form in London streets, and you will be convinced she is right. The girls who look frights in the short straight waistless dresses are the one who ruin the line with an uplift bra. In fact, you cannot shorten your skirt without lengthening your shoulder straps.

**QUOTE** from Nadia Gray, the Rumanian film actress, who has made films in nearly every country in Europe: "The difference between being lonely when you are married and when you are single is that, when you are single, you can put your hat and coat on and go out!"

**WELL, WHY NOT GO WITHOUT?**

**NEWEST** slant on a woman's figure: the pantie girdle that gives you the same curves that all the other pantie-

girdles were supposed to iron out for you. An Italian designer launched it in a small way. A giant American firm has launched it as a revolution. They have the nerve to call it a "daring design concept."

One could, of course, just leave off wearing a girdle.

**BOX** of tricks for travellers: the five-piece set of electric plugs that will keep a travelling iron, a razor, or any other electric gadget going almost anywhere. There are different adapter plugs for use in North America and Canada, for anywhere in the British Isles, and for Europe. There are electric plugs for lights when there is no wall plug.

**FASHION WITH A SPARKLE**

**PRIZES** for women who put some sparkle into their clothes last week went to: Princess Margaret, who came home to her family with a terrific tan, looking cool as a banana sundae, dressed in yellow and cream colours from head to toe;

Anne Gammag, who gave a twist to the dangly-chain idea by hanging a Georgian fob-watch from hers instead of a dreary old medal;

Malia Scarsia, off to work from her Cuddegan Square home looking every inch the model in a pale parma violet suit, with a bright violet and white print turban and blouse.

## THE LOAFER TURNS FEMININE

IT is not a shirt. It is not a blazer. It is the loafer—the American men's-wear favourite of the 'thirties that a bright British designer has produced for the girls over here. Wear it as a jacket over a dress; wear it on its own over a skirt; and watch for loafers in every colour and fabric you can think of (they will all be on to it before long). The prototype in the picture is made of thick farnishing-cotton, striped in red, pink, or black on white.

## THEY SAY ABOUT WOMEN...

**What an American man thinks of European women:**

Alan Jay Lerner (he wrote those lyrics for *That Show*) said: "European women don't really like other women, they don't trust other women, they don't lunch with a crowd of other women, and they couldn't be man-haters if they tried. Maybe it's the competition."

**What an English girl thinks of American women:**

Helen Bunney, a model just back from a conquering trip to the States: "The American women are really dominant."

They all seem to have their own cars, their own apartments, and just as much money as men. When they marry they hang on to their jobs, raise a family as well, and become a pack of nerves. I met one with a full-time job, a husband, four children. She takes eight pills a day to keep her going—vitamins, tranquillisers, and pep-her-up pills."

**THINGS TO COME - No. 1:** the guided missile in the kitchen. An American company has invented a big-like floor cleaner that wanders over the kitchen floor picking up dirt, returns to its hiding place, cleans and recharges itself all ready for a further attack. You operate it from a remote control panel. Just throw a switch, run like the wind, and slam the door.

## NON-SPILL PICNIC SHAKER



**BRIGHT** picnic idea from those smooth airline pilots: the all-in-one salt-and-pepper shakers. One side for salt—one side for pepper. Can't spill. Can't get mixed.

## MARRIAGE CAN WAIT...

by AMANDA MARSHALL

In America you have the wretched spectacle of undergrad teenagers complete with baby and pram, playing glumly at mothers and fathers...



**MISS LESLEY THURBORN**, reading history at Oxford on a £330 a year scholarship, is abandoning her academic career, two years before sitting for her degree, to get married.

Everybody is pleased (except, I guess, her tutor and the principal of her college), because love conquers all, and we are so conditioned to a romantic view of life and love that it seems churlish and stony hearted to think otherwise.

In Latin countries, where marriages are made in family conferences rather than at heaven, things are not quite the same.

Advanced education for women is no longer something new and startling and neither is Miss Thurborn's problem—but that doesn't make it any less real and important. It used to be the rule that university life demanded celibacy of its senior members as well as its undergraduates, since marriage and academic work mix unadvisably—as the wife of any conscientious college dean will tell you, watching her husband go off night after night to dine in college because it's the rule.

And in America, where romantic love has sunk its teeth even deeper into the national consciousness than in England, you have the wretched spectacle of undergraduate teenagers, complete with baby and pram, playing glumly at mothers and fathers with a book in one hand and a pile of nappies in the other.

English universities are at least sensible enough to realise that you must do one thing or the other. What seems to me pity is that marriage (which, I hasten to add, I have nothing against) can't wait until a girl has taken a degree and established herself.

The old, old argument of "our daughters will get married any-

way and somebody else will keep them—why should we spend good money on education time to time there will be some for them to throw away?" seems fatally over-optimistic.

## NO TALENTS

Suppose they do marry—well and good; but husbands, alas, do not always last for ever, and a woman may quite easily find herself with a family to support by her own efforts and no trained talents to call on for a source of income.

And anyway education has more value than just the money you can make it earn for you, though that is vital enough a point.

Obviously there are some professions a girl, once married, is practically bound to throw away if she wants to devote her energy to a family—medicine being one of them.

An intelligent and enlightened country doctor, father of two daughters, told me: "I'm glad neither of them shows any signs of wanting to be a doctor, because I should refuse to permit it. It's very difficult for women to practise after they are married and have children, and it only makes them miserable to have all that skill lying idle."

## A WASTE

A doctor friend of mine, mother of two children and now a two afternoons-a-week consultant with a big industrial firm, said: "I never thought of

"My parents did once suggest it might be rather a waste of money for me to go on and qualify if I wanted to get married immediately, when they meant they didn't much care for that particular young man. I agreed and went on with medicine."

"My father never questioned whether it was worth it—I had thought if there was a one per cent chance of a genuine vocation it was worth taking. But I think for women the only real joy out of medicine comes much later on, when you can do a cosy part-time job and combine it with a family."

## LEARN ABOUT LIFE

Penelope Mortimer, who was married before she was 20 and now has the eldest of her five daughters at Cambridge, feels strongly that every girl should be trained for something—"even if it's just to top-dance."

Should a very young girl drop a university in midstream for marriage? "Look her up," says Mrs. Mortimer firmly. "At that age, you've got to learn something about life first, unless you want to start moving up at once for the divorce. Five years later you find you've both grown up into two quite different people."

(London Express Service).

## HOW TO GO ON HOLIDAY BY AIR

**HOW** to look good and feel good on an air flight—this is a major fashion problem looming ahead for thousands of holiday makers and business travellers.

On the right, the girl with all the answers to the fashion problem of long-distance flying.

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The soft, felt cloche hat that sits firmly on the head, even on the windy tarmac. Soft enough to roll up and pop in your bag, too.

A slim-fitting coat and jumper suit in the winning fabric for travelling—jersey. It is lightweight, warm and virtually uncrushable. Sits for hours like a dream and emerges with barely a wrinkle.

Prizes from veteran traveller Viscountess Talbot, just back from a 25,000 miles round-the-world trip: "I wore jersey all the time for travelling, and it was as good as the end of the journey as the beginning."

## Loose—but smart

Here Rix has sketched an easy-fitting midday suit in blonde jersey. The top, short sleeved and loose to the hips. Topping it is a narrow coat in black jersey that buttons from the shoulder-spreading collar to the hem.

Shoes are the prettiest shape of the moment, the T-strap poised on a low, elegant heel and made of a soft jet that is gentle with feet, that tend to swell in a warm atmosphere.

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**THE RIGHT COSTUME:** Here, the loose midday suit in jersey, the T-strap shoes, and the beauty case.

tickets, book, a pair of socks to slip on your feet during the flight.

—Jane Brown

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SHOW BUSINESS

# Roderick Mann HELL-RAISER FLYNN RECRUITS Mr. FINCH FOR HIS CLUB

WE were celebrating Peter Finch' return from the wilds of Africa and he was in his socks—dancing a fandango in a downstairs restaurant before the bewildered natives of Kensington. Eventually—exhausted by his endeavours—he staggered back to the table to gulp down some vino.

"I am getting too old for this kind of caper," he said, breathing heavily.

"What you need," I said, "is advice from one who knows... the old Hell Raiser himself."

"Errol Flynn?" said Finch. "Is he here? What are we waiting for?"

We piled into a car and drove at great speed into the unsuspecting Berkshire countryside, to the retreat where the irrep. reasonable Errol has been holding court all week for his special cronies.

And there, in the bar, wearing a giant sweater, slacks and crocodile shoes, was the old villain himself—quaffing great draughts out of a huge tankard in which was clustered enough greenery and plant-life to start a small window-box.

He greeted us warmly, but without surprise. Verily, what I have long suspected—that nothing short of revival of one of his old films would shake Errol.

"Dear boys," he said. "How pleasant. Did one of you, by chance, bring an extra shirt for me?"

We apologised for the oversight, and he took it with fortitude.

"We have been discussing," I said, "the lack of characters in the film world today."

"Ah," said Flynn. "I have given some thought to that myself. While filming *Roots of Heaven* in Africa with Trevor Howard, we decided to form a club. The Roisterers. You are both hereby enrolled."

## The Rules

"Before I sign anything," I said, "I'd like to see the rules."

"Nowadays," said Flynn severely, "there is no opportunity for people to gather experience in hell raising. Remember I learned from the masters—John Barrymore and W. C. Fields. As President, I shall lecture to members once a week and at the close of the course they will receive a scroll, signed by me."

He chuckled to himself.

"I just finished filming in Africa with Audrey Hepburn," said Finch. "I formed the Somerset Maugham Club there. To join you must wear three days' growth of beard and spend at least four hours a day at the airport watching the planes."

"Ah," said Flynn. "I'd forgotten you were in Africa. Can't think how we missed each other. Where were you?"

"Where I was," said Finch, moodily, "the natives practised cannibalism. We had a roll-call every morning."

"I had no such luck," said Flynn. "Though, of course, one got up to some sport. I got a big bang out of the Ubungu. And we have one lively afternoon when I give pep talks to some natives who were doing an assual dance."

"There must have been some snags," Finch said.

"Indeed there were," said Flynn. "There was an appalling lack of women—except for some odd maidens with plates in their lips. And some idiot used to keep shouting in the middle of the night: 'Put down that damned mongoose.' I never did recover who it was—but it seemed to come from the direction of Juliette Green's hut."

"Isn't your film about someone who rates elephants higher than human?" said Finch.

## A CHARACTER

"Correct," said Flynn. "That particular philosophy escapes me, I confess. Before I left I wrote a letter to the author, Roman Gary, asking: 'What the devil is the film all about?'"

"He'll love you for that," I said.

"Fortunately," said Flynn, "I signed it with Trevor Howard's name."

"I got on well with Trevor," said Flynn. "A great character. He used to come on the set every morning looking vague and say: 'What's this scene all about?'—though we knew he'd been up all night studying his lines."

"I caught him at it one night and he was terribly ashamed. He was sure I'd throw him out."

# MICKEY ROONEY PLAYS ANDY HARDY'S FATHER!

By RONALD SINGLETON: Hollywood

MICKEY ROONEY came home recently stouter, older, mature, but still irrepressible. Home was an old film set. Mickey, 36, was completing a circle.

He was on the first day of a new picture about Andy Hardy. Yes, the tousle-haired, small-town teenage symbol of America in the early 'forties.

This Andy is grown up, and Mickey's eight-year-old son Teddy is Andy junior.

Ironically, after an erratic grown-up career and an unsettled love life of four marriages, he was turning back to the film series which had set him on his own way to stardom, as also Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Esther Williams, Donna Reed, Kathryn Grayson.

In the new film he has a scene in which he looks at the pictures of all of them as they were then—high-school crushes for Andy Hardy.

"What do you think of them now?" I asked. Taking me by the arm Mickey said with a wink: "Brother! If I knew what I know about them all now. Wow!"

## REMEMBER?

I HAD called on him to ask what had happened to the film family of old Judge Hardy, which had made such a hit in wartime Britain and America.

Remember how it was? Lewis Stone, as the old Judge, banging his gavel and for ever recessing court after dealing with an offender whose story served as a moral for his son's latest life problem?

Carvel, the typical quiet American provincial home-town where everything always worked out just right for Andy, the trilly-hatted high-school boy, who would always go back to the girl, next door—Polly Benedict (Ann Rutherford)—after a love affair with a striking newcomer?

After 12 years it is all returning in "Andy Hardy Comes Home." Now we have a mature Andy who is a lawyer, and a



FLASHBACK: Rooney as Hardy Jun. with Lewis Stone back in 1940

new Andy Jun., Mickey Rooney's son. The town of Carvel is the same—the same sets, the same folk, the same heart-to-heart talks, this time with little Andy confiding in Andy Sen. Everyone is there (Fay Holden is still Ma Hardy) except the old Judge. Lewis Stone had a heart attack and died a few years ago after chasing some boys off his lawn.

The series brought Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer 25,000,000 dollars from 14 Hardy films from 1938 to 1940. Millions on TV have been seeing them all again.

Now M.G.M. are making new Andy Hardy pictures. In this new film the Carvel townfolk find Andy is a helpful visitor, get him to stay, and ask him to fill a vacancy on the Bench.

So, just before the fade-out, Andy Hardy, in grand judge's robes, walks to the chair where old Lewis Stone used to crash his gavel.

It would make Ma Hardy have a little weep. Her son Andrew—she was so proud.

# THE FILM THAT ROCKS HOLLYWOOD —It's The Rise And Fall Of A Goddess

A beauty—and she comes from Liverpool

Gia Scala—despite her exotic name and Italian looks—actually hails from Liverpool. Now a fast-rising Hollywood actress, she is back in Britain making *The Clock Without a Face* opposite Jack Hawkins.

Does she intend to look up her birthplace—which she left when she was a baby?

"I don't know," says Miss Scala. "I have heard it is rather grim—and I'm not sure I could understand that Northern accent."



KIM STANLEY AND LLOYD BRIDGES IN 'THE GODDESS'

Nothing succeeds like excess

LONDON will soon be seeing "The Goddess," a film that examines clinically the life of a movie queen. And writer Paddy Chayefsky who made big money from realism with "Marty," has scared Hollywood with his cold, searching look into what makes a film star.

His story traces the career of a girl whose main talent is her appeal to men. She begins with this philosophy from an agent: "If you're not Bettie Davis you gotta be very nice."

She deserts her child, deceives her husbands, and finishes as a film star living on a steady diet of sleeping pills, whisky, and scandal.

## The faces

HER outlook from the lonely heights of Hollywood is: "I can hardly get out of a taxicab without hundreds of people screaming that they love me. I've known men, hundreds of men... just blank faces, I can't remember them at all."

"All the things that are supposed to be fun really ain't no fun, and all the things that are supposed to be important really ain't nothing at all. I can't think of anything I want or look forward to. It's all a fraud."

Hollywood, smeared by such recent scandal as the Lana Turner love affair, is worried

about the savage way in which Chayefsky has scraped the glamour off the stars. The film had no premiere there and has opened in a small cinema in San Francisco.

## The girl

HOW true is it? I put that question to the girl who plays the goddess.

She is Kim Stanley, the blonde and brilliant actress, now playing in "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof," in London.

She answered: "I only agreed to play in the film because I was convinced that it was a true and honest account of some film stars' lives."

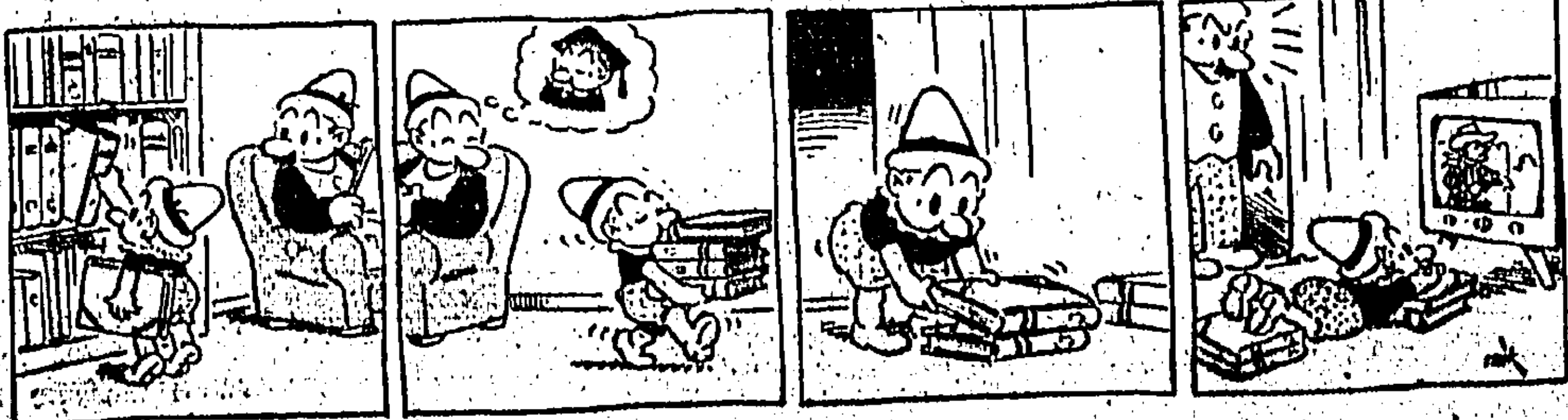
Hollywood, naturally, does not agree. But such controversy could help Chayefsky to clean up at the box-office again. "Sunset Boulevard," which was just as ruthless, helped Gloria Swanson to make a come-back.

John Lambert



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## THE BOOK PAGE



JESSIE KESSON

# The stark stuff of a childhood goes into a winner

FROM a cold Scottish town, from a drab gas-lit alley where dustbins gape above the cobbles and loud-mouthed women gossip and brawl, comes a tender and tragic story.

It is the story of Janie, aged eight, the small heroine of an extraordinary new book. The title: *THE WHITE BIRD PASSES*, by Jessie Kesson (Chatto, 12s. 6d.).

This novel has appeared quietly, without any brassy blaring of publicity. The author, a woman of 40, has never had a book published before. Her book is only 159 pages long.

Yet I predict that before the summer is out there will be thousands who will value Janie's tale far more than such ton-weight epics as *By Love Possessed*.

The story is simple enough. It describes how Janie lives in an alley tenement, with her tough, pretty, widowed mother. It describes the shadowy gods who move through Janie's life—the Cruelty Inspector, the Free Boot Ticket Man, the Free Boot Ticket Man, the Cruelty Inspector, the Free Boot Ticket Man. It describes friendlier figures, such as Mysie Walsh, plump woman of the streets, whose room awes little Janie with its odours of scent and Phulnani powder.

But Janie's mother is of Mysie's profession too. Her family, living on a distant farm, have disowned her. In slumland squarer her tragedy is worked out.

Well, you may say, there's nothing new about a story like that. There have always been pathetic books about childhood in Scotland's slums.

## DIFFERENT

But there are things which make *The White Bird Passes* utterly different. Things which make you feel: "This is it. This is childhood. This is real."

Take the moment at Janie's school, when a nurse appears at the classroom doorway.

Janie knows what it means at once. The nurse has a list of Names To Be Examined. She will bone-comb Janie's dirty hair and rub it with a lotion that will make the other children sniff and giggle.

Desperately, the little fatherless girl shuts her eyes. It isn't a nurse at the door, she tells herself. It is the head master. He is going to say: "Excuse me, but I would like to speak to my daughter for a moment. If you don't mind." And how surprised everyone is going to be when he puts his arm round Janie's shoulder because she has really been his daughter all the time.

Or take Janie's quarrel with Beulah McPhee, the woman tinker.

Thin with hunger, Janie watches Beulah cooking rice in her cavan on the town green. In return for a saucer-full of the old woman persuades her to go out and buy tobacco. She tells Janie: "Say it's for your grandmother. Her that's just at death's door. Say it's the last thing she'll need from man." But when Janie returns with a twist she says that the man who gave it wrote down her name in a book. She says that she gave Beulah's name too. She explains: "I just couldn't give my Grandmother's name. She doesn't smoke. And she's a lady, you see."

## TOO FAR

Roars Beulah: "A lady is it? So its Grandmother is a lady? But the McPhee has to feed it. The lady Grandmother doesn't give you rice, does she? No. No fear of that." And the whole pathos of childhood fills little Janie's reply as she blurt out:

"My Grandmother gives me soup. She gives me it in a blue bowl with roses round it. And a spoon which shines like anything."

"My face looks twice as fat when I look at it in her shining spoon. When we have pudding we get another clean spoon."

"She would give me rice, too, if I stayed with her. But it's too far away for me to say with her. It's away in the country. In Grandmother's country." But more than Beulah McPhee, more than scented Mysie Walsh (who sets the alley agog by hanging herself), it is Janie's mother, Liza, who dominates this amazing book.

Liza is hard-bitten, and immoral. She doesn't bother

by  
**ROBERT PITMAN**

much about meals for Janie. But she has other qualities. A fierce loyalty binds her to her child against the rest of the world.

And in a strange and wonderful way she constantly feeds the child's mind.

## THE SHADOWS

At Janie's school the girls are offered a shilling for the best essay on the local cathedral. Liza promptly takes Janie off to see it. She tells her how it was once burned by raiders. She fires the little girl's imagination with talk of monks and priests.

Yet already the shadows are moving in on Liza and Janie. Back at the alley they learn that the Cruelty Man has been asking questions about Janie.

Then comes a blue summons slip, alleging that Janie is in need of care and protection.

At the sight of that blue slip, the essay prize is forgotten. They know that Janie will be taken off to an orphanage.

Janie cries: "We'll go away, Mum, miles and miles away

together. Where nobody will ever find us. They can't take me away from you if they can't find us."

Desperately Liza takes the child's advice. By dusk they slip away from the lane. Together, the tall woman and her little girl, they cross the dark roads and fields to a doss-house in the next town. But the police are ready for them there.

And so Janie is taken to the orphanage 100 miles away. That

night the girls in the dormitory tell Janie about the food. Porridge for breakfast, fish on Sundays. "And an egg on Christmas morning," says a voice.

At mention of Christmas a panic seizes Janie. Upright in bed she asks: "When will I get home? I've asked everybody. The Court Man and the Vigilance Officer. They all let on they don't hear me."

"When you're 16, most likely," a girl tells her. And Janie sobs: "But that's ages. That's just years and years. I'm not nine yet. Not till October."

But her worst day has not yet come. Years later, Liza comes to the orphanage to plead

for Janie to be allowed home. For years Janie has been telling the girls in the dormitory about her pretty mother.

But when Liza comes she is deformed by disease. Her cheeks are hollow. Her sight is failing. Her plea is turned down.

Angrily she strides away, leaving Janie to tell herself: "My Mam went away without knowing that I love her. The words wouldn't come till she was getting on the bus. And then it was too late."

## 'IT'S TRUE...'

Such is the story of *The White Bird Passes*. But there is something else that is remarkable about this book. Its author.

Last week I had lunch with Jessie Kesson. In a husky, Scots voice she told me: "I've called the book a novel. But it's true, every word of it."

As we chatted, I learned that Janie was a real child, who lived in the slums of Elgin in the 1920's. I learned that Mysie Walsh really committed suicide in her sweet-smelling room, that Janie and her mother really fled into the countryside away from the magistrates and the police.

Jessie Kesson said: "But I've given the book a happy ending. I've said that the trustees finally sent Janie to college. That didn't happen at all."

predicts that a little novel (it runs to only 159 pages) will bring success this year to a new woman writer



## DOES THE COVER MATTER?

WHICH of these two novels would you be tempted to buy? Take *Mammon* (Putnam 13s.). This story of a Jewish him yoon is intelligent, ironic, powerful. And the cover tells you as much. But now turn to *The Rainbow Has Seven Colours* (12s. 6d.). In a bookshop you might push it aside as a typical novel. It is a sharp, clever book—a kind of what you would expect to find in a character. The only thing wrong—THE COVER.



## Larry Adler Leaves His Mouth-Organ Behind

RECORD by PETER BUCHAN

HOW good is Larry Adler? Is he still just a mouth-organ player or is he a musician to be taken seriously by. The contrast in two records issued this week supplies the answer.

The first record is a brilliant long-player on which Adler has recorded for the first time with a full, 75-strong, symphony orchestra.

In the other—a reissue of recordings made exactly 20 years ago when Adler was playing in a Paris jazz cellar—he is teamed with guitarist Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club de France.

Since those early records were made Adler has become a musician far in advance of the stature of his instrument.

Says Adler: "I don't suppose that in my lifetime the mouth-organ will be treated as a serious instrument except in a few places."

The places? "Israel—there they don't feel anything strange about it as a concert instrument. Then there's Australia. And strangely enough I've noticed in recent months that in India the reaction is the same."

## Serious now

But if the mouth-organ has not made much advance, Adler has.

He started his career in this country as a music-hall artist. Now he is a serious concert artist—and a composer.

Says Adler: "I had always improvised tunes on the mouth-organ, but I had never thought of doing it seriously. Then one day Ingrid Bergman, who had always been trying to get me to write something down, insisted that I do."

"We were in Berlin making a film. She was going out to lunch. Just before she went she said: 'Write a tune, before I come back.'"

And the result? "I wrote down my first tune."

As a composer Adler's biggest success was the music for the old-crock film *Genevieve*.

Now he has another film to work on—for Max Eyring.

What is he like, this American Jew who found fame by playing what was once a child's toy?

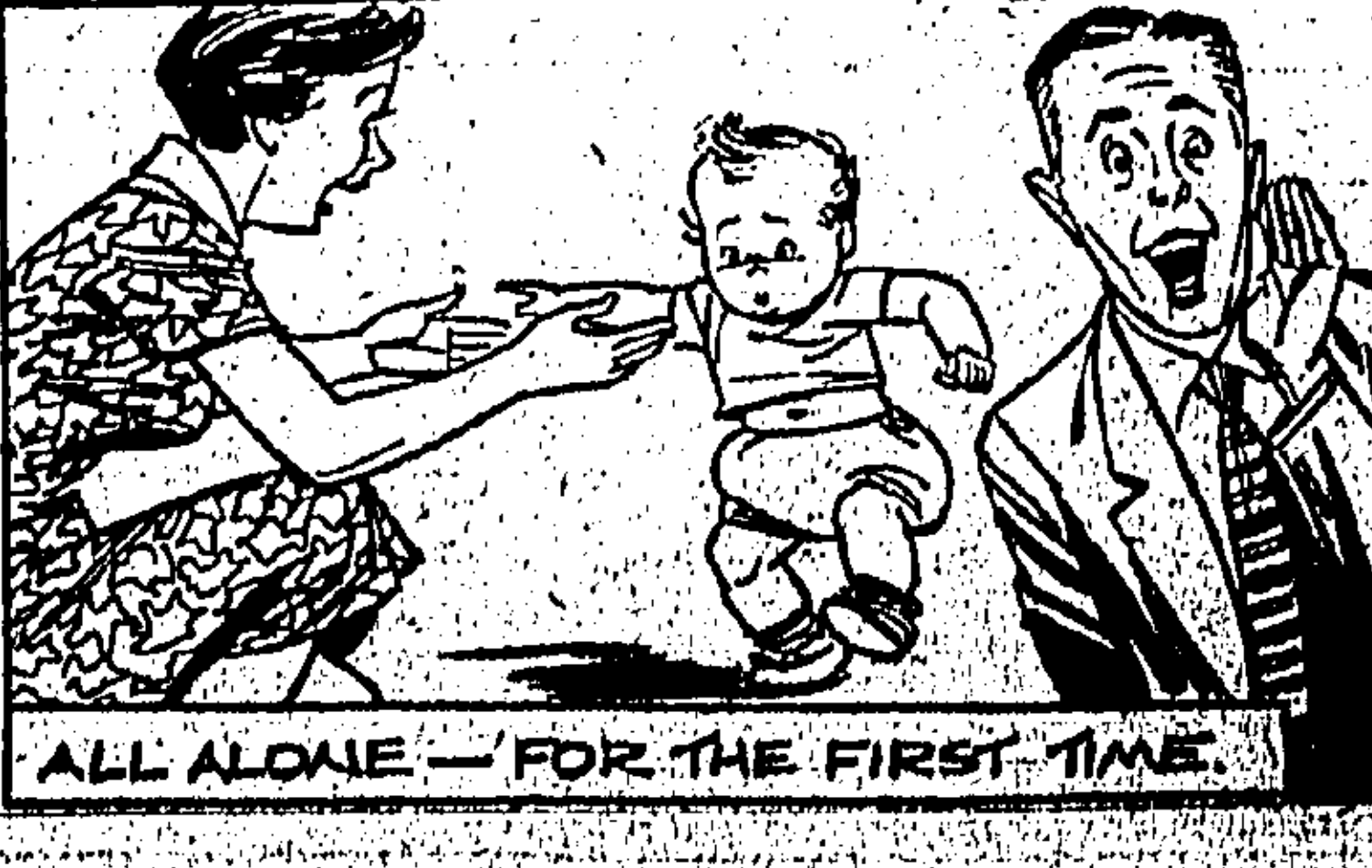
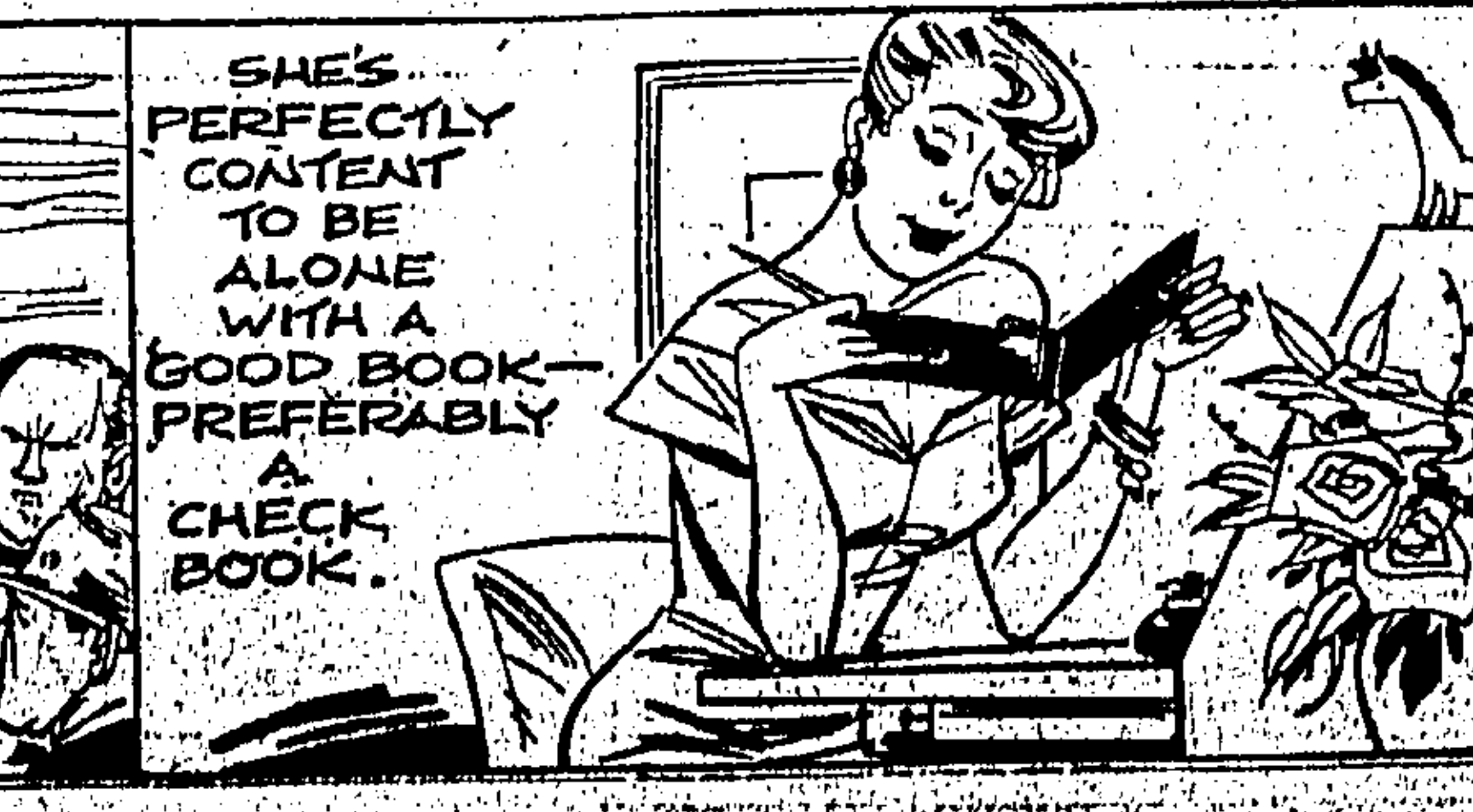
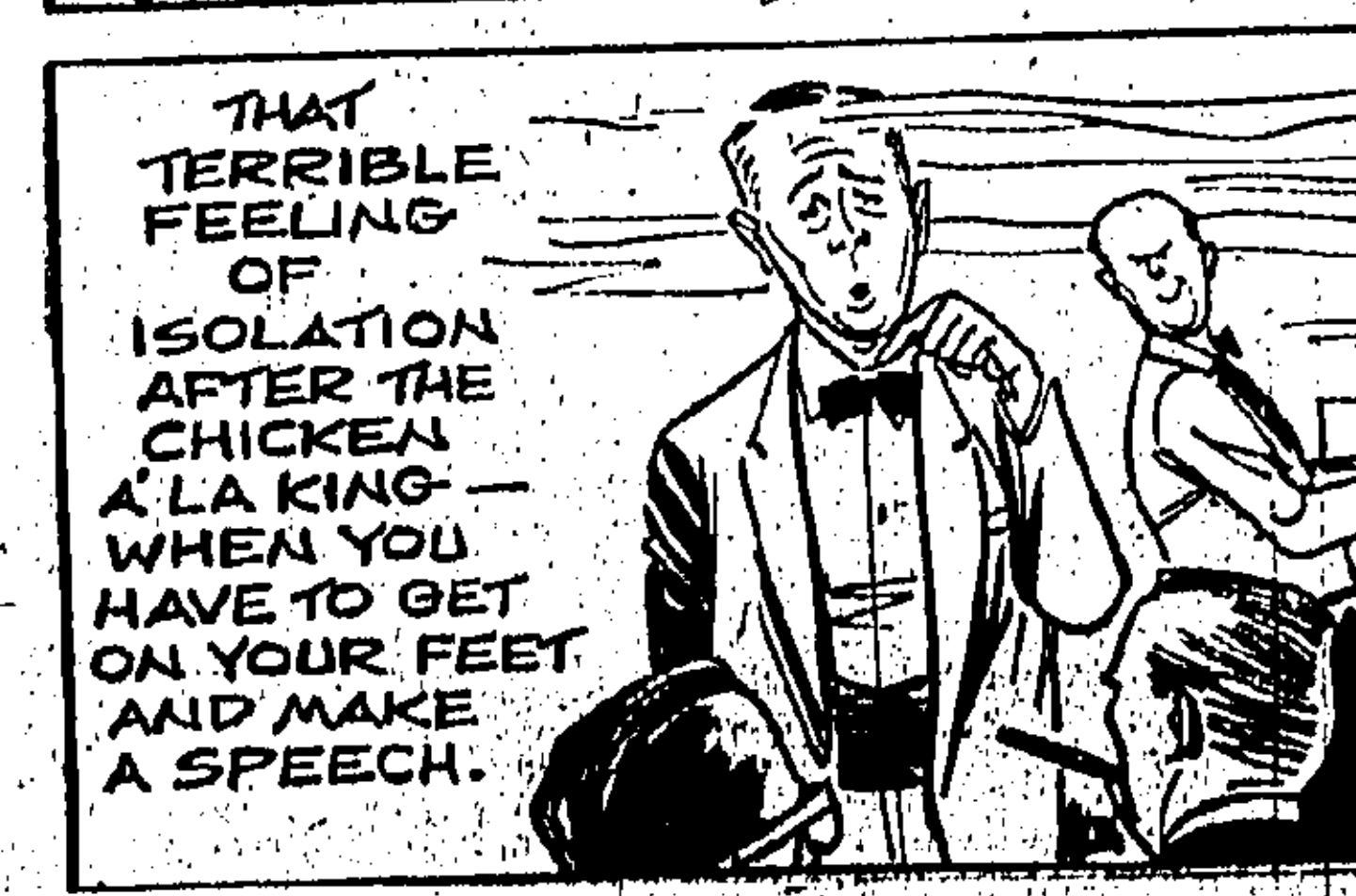
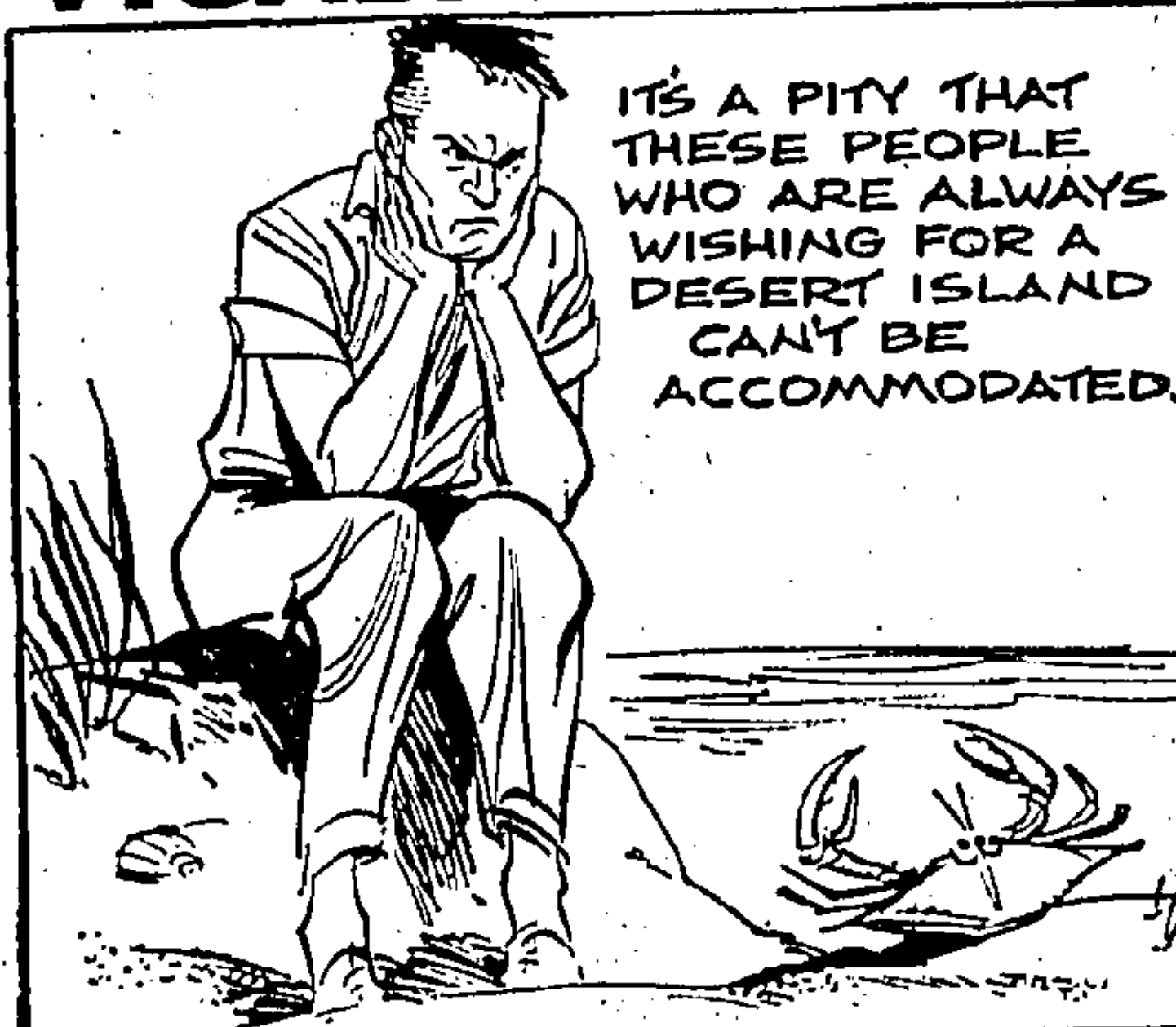
At 43, he is tiny and slim, both tinner and slimmer than he appears on a concert platform or on TV.

Says Adler: "It gives me an inferiority complex."

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

All Alone

By Harry Weinert









## Hongkong Lawn Bowls

### Team Must Leave For Cardiff Early

By "TOUCHER"

Hongkong's Empire Games lawn bowlers must leave for Cardiff as early as possible. This is the opinion of not only this columnist but also that of most of Hongkong's chosen team of seven. Most emphatic in this respect has been Raoul Luz, skip of the Colony's team of four and the likely captain for Hongkong's team.

"We must go there early and practise as much as possible on the greens on which we have to play our matches," said Raoul. "After all the Empire Games Village opens on July 4 and there is no reason why we should not be there by that time."

I would go even further than that by expressing the hope that the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association will try to make arrangements for the Colony team to reach Cardiff on July 1. The Empire Games Village actually opens on July 1, but teams arriving between July 1 and July 4 will be required to pay a daily charge.

#### Certainly Worth

As Hongkong will be spending about £400 for each player on travelling alone, the extra cost of board and lodging for the three extra days is comparatively almost negligible and is certainly worth considering in terms of the few days extra practice and the extra period of acclimatisation that the Hongkong players can get.

The question of obtaining the necessary leave seems to be no problem for practically all the Hongkong bowlers. It will be a great pity if every effort is not made to give the local team every facility in enhancing their chances of putting up a good show at the Games.

In connection with the Empire Games team, questions have also been asked why no practice matches have so far been arranged for the Hongkong team, particularly the team of four, who have never played together.

#### Careful Preparations

Careful preparations are being made by the teams of other nations as evidenced by a report which appeared in this paper a couple of days ago. It mentioned that Australia has gone

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# BIGGER LEAGUES—BIGGER PROBLEMS

## Relegation Heartaches Cannot Be Cured By Lengthening The League's Long Weak Tail

Says I. M. MACTAVISH

There are two main topics of discussion in Colony football at the present time. If one cares to include speculation on the happenings and outcome of the Asian Games the total of topical soccer subjects might be raised to three. Though many will probably claim that the most important thing at the moment is the visit of Blackpool there are others who believe that the whole question of promotion and relegation has a much further reaching significance for Hongkong football.

### A FIGHTING FINISH



There was a fighting finish in the Two Miles International (Invitation Event) at the White City Stadium last week when Gordon Pirie beat M. Szabo (Hungary) in a close tussle. Derek Ibbotson was third. Pirie's time was eight minutes 46.4 seconds.

Photo shows the finish with Pirie (No. 16) just beating Szabo.—Key-stone Photo.

## Histories Of The Clubs WON PROMOTION BY TWO-HUNDREDTH OF A GOAL

PHOTO-FINISH THAT SET WORLD ARGUING

By TIM GORDON

Portsmouth F.C., twice winner of the League championship since World War II, is one of the most popular clubs in the game. Since many of the team's supporters are Royal Navy men, its praises are sung in the farthest corners of the world. In recent years, the south coast side has earned high praise for its cultured style of play under the able management of Mr Eddie Lever. It has been in the forefront of British clubs who have adopted Continental ideas.

But then Pompey has always figured in the soccer news. Even the way in which the Club was founded was out of the ordinary. The old Royal Artillery (Portsmouth) Football Club had given the Navy base a liking for good-class football. But in 1898 a Football Association commission found it had forfeited its amateur status by taking away its players for a week's special training prior to an Amateur Cup match.

Were thousands of sports-loving servicemen as well as the regular inhabitants of Portsmouth to be robbed of their soccer?

Two local sportsmen, a headmaster, Mr G. Lewis Oliver, and a former R.A. warrant officer, Mr W. Wigginton, called a meeting to discuss the possibilities of forming a professional club in the town and Portsmouth.

Within a few weeks, £4,000 was raised to buy Fratton Park; a company with a capital of £8,000 was formed and in September 1899, at Chatham, the new Portsmouth club played its first game in the Southern League.

One of the first players signed was a goalkeeper, Matthew Reilly, who was cupped by Ireland in 1900 and 1902. His antics with the ball brought about a change in the laws of the game.

**Gaelic Football**

In his youth, he had played Gaelic football and had become very proficient at bouncing the ball and dodging opponents. In those days, a goalkeeper was allowed to handle outside the goal area, and Reilly would often go rushing well upfield sidlingly bouncing the ball out of the reach of the feet that were aimed at it by late players on the other side.

The only way to stop him was to introduce a new law prohibiting a goalkeeper from using his hands outside the goal area.

At that time, Pompey had in the club right on the crest of the wave. In 1949 when it reached the Cup semi-finals to be drawn against a struggling Second Division side, Leicester City, the team appeared set for another trip to Wembley. Wigginton had also reached the semi-final, and everyone was banking on another Wolves v. Pompey clash at Wembley.

**Earned Fame**

Leicester City earned itself fame by spilling that dream, but Portsmouth made sure of the League Championship—and won it again the very next season. In 1955, the club finished third.

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**Not Enough**

The Colony's top football stars are undoubtedly good but the truth is that there are not enough of them to provide full playing strength for the number of Chinese teams inevitably concerned in a 17-team First Division.

Such a competition could only be made workable by the voluntary dissolution of the present all-powerful clubs and the redistribution of their playing staffs on an equitable basis throughout all competing teams.

That is something I cannot foresee ever happening here. It has been tried in other sports in other parts of the world but as far as I know, it has never worked. The reformers killed speedway and ice hockey in the United Kingdom by splitting up established com-

binations. Any competition without a real star turn is poor entertainment, and in Hongkong, where hero-worship is the basis of the big football following, it could do great harm to the game.

**Big Possibility**

Obviously the Army is the big possibility in this direction and it is a great pity that the Army Football Authorities in the United Kingdom cannot be made to realise the high prestige value of a successful soldiers' eleven in this Colony. Top class Army football can be an ambassador of goodwill beyond estimate, and it is easy to recall the stars of a few seasons ago who were held by the Chinese community.

**Hostile Reception**

The proposal tabled by the Club representative has had a hostile reception in many places. That is understandable for new ideas, particularly if they are ill-timed and very obviously in favour of the proposer, are always regarded with suspicion. That is exactly what is happening now.

The essence of the proposal is that the number of Clubs in the First Division should be increased by the retention of the teams of the Senior League and the elevation of others and that the Reserve Division be abolished. The Colony League competition would then be run in three Divisions with the reserve teams of the Senior League sides being permitted to play in the lower divisions.

At first sight this might seem to be a good idea, and certainly it might coax a number of votes from lower clubs if put up for decision, but I cannot believe that Hongkong football as a whole stands to benefit by it.

The present First Division is terribly lopsided even as it is the gap between the top three clubs—South China, KMB, and Kitchener—and the rest is already too wide to make real healthy competition possible. How can this undesirable situation possibly be improved if more junior clubs are elevated to face the exacting requirements of the premier competition? In fact it is hard to imagine that the present unsatisfactory set up would not be further, aggravated by it.

**POP**

YAH! OLD FATTY

I'LL SPEAK TO YOUR HEADMASTER

THAT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD

WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IS TO GO ON A DIET

PRECIOUS ORDS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS

CHERRY CHEERING



## AT THE WICKET Nothing Gets The New Zealanders Down And They Are Never Dull

By NORMAN YARDLEY  
(Former England and Yorkshire Captain)

I like the New Zealand team touring Britain. Whether their fortunes are up or down they stay cheerful. After the amazing day at Lord's on May 17, when Laurie Miller and Noel Harford smacked Tyson and Moss around to the tune of 89 in the first hour—and then the side spluttered out for 190 very quickly after lunch—New Zealand Manager Jack Phillipps seemed to be the most cheerful man in the business.

"I believe the spectators want incident in their cricket," he quipped. "And nobody can deny that we provide it. This morning we broke all records for getting on, then this afternoon we broke just as many for getting out! So whatever else you may think about us, you can't think us dull!" It was well and neatly said!

Sad thing is, however, that this bunch of cheerful cricketers are not getting the crowd support that they—and their cricket—deserve.

Only 3,000 braved the cool weather on that Saturday to see them—and this at Lord's. Then on a much warmer Monday, I understand, there were only about 2,000.

Even this is not getting the tourists down. They accept that the weather, and the Cup Final, and all kinds of other distractions have been thinning their crowds, and on the argument that the Tests should pay their way, they are concentrating on pushing their form. Quite rightly, too.

One of the nicest features of their finding form is the help they are getting from their rivals.

I suppose that is the greatest thing about the game—cricketers all over the world all

seem to help each other with their problems, however keenly they battle against each other when the Test heat is on.

Although many people may not realise it, it is the accepted thing that a home captain always helps a visiting captain to "read" the wicket. And there is no funny business about it either. It is just the thing that is done, honestly and fairly, so the two sides can start even.

### Extra Yard

Several of the best England bowlers have already been advising the New Zealanders to find that extra yard of length which England conditions demand.

I know there are many people who may think this sort of thing should not be, and that any touring side should stand on its own feet. But to me it is just right. It is, in fact, cricket.

Two of the toughest arguments I have been running into have concerned that unusual Hampshire declaration which allowed Freddie Trueman to win eight points for Yorkshire, and the older one about cash being returned for fourth and fifth-day tickets or Test matches which finish early.

The Hampshire declaration you will remember, came after weather had cut the game at Bradford (York). The Hampshire captain, Colin Langley-Mackenzie, declared with a lead of 105 and left Yorkshire about 50 minutes to bat. I suppose to him it seemed quite safe.

### Went Mad

Of course, Freddie Trueman went mad with three sixes in a not-out 56, which shocked everybody and won the game for Yorkshire with seven minutes to spare.

The argument is, of course, whether Hampshire should have declared—leaving Yorkshire even that outside chance of winning—when they themselves had no hope at all of bowling the whole Yorkshire side out to win themselves.

On the broad principle, I suppose you should say they should not have declared. It is not fair, in a championship, to let any side take points by odd declarations.

But I think there is a wider issue before cricket at the moment than any as narrow and pedantic as that. It is the issue of making the game interesting—of dragging the crowds back with cricket that is fun, spirited, capable of surprises, and with every game as important as the points.

I am sure Colin Langley-Mackenzie's sole aim and object was to provide a bit of fun in the closing stages of a dull game. That Freddie Trueman helped him to succeed so well

completely justifies his move. Right now I am all for fun, spirit and sixes—and to heck with the points. If they mean dead bat play.

### Money Back

On the other issue of whether Test ticket money should be returned my answer is a definite NO. I believe every cricket follower knows what he is doing when he buys his Test tickets, and if he buys for fourth and fifth days, it is his own fault if the game ends early. If he does not think the game will run to the fourth or fifth day, he knows what to do: refuse to buy the tickets.

I think it is administratively too difficult to give money back. In any case, a boxing fan does not demand his money back if a big fight ends in the third round instead of the 15th. Why should a cricket crowd do so, especially as customers rarely need buy far ahead?

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## Unfairly Treated

London, May. Walkers of the Commonwealth feel they are unfairly treated. There are two walking events in both the Olympic and European Games. But there is no event for them in the Empire Games.

When the Commonwealth countries gather at Cardiff, I understand efforts will be made to have walking included in the 1958 Empire Games. If the authorities agree, the event will probably be over 50 kilometres.—London Express.

## Sports Diary

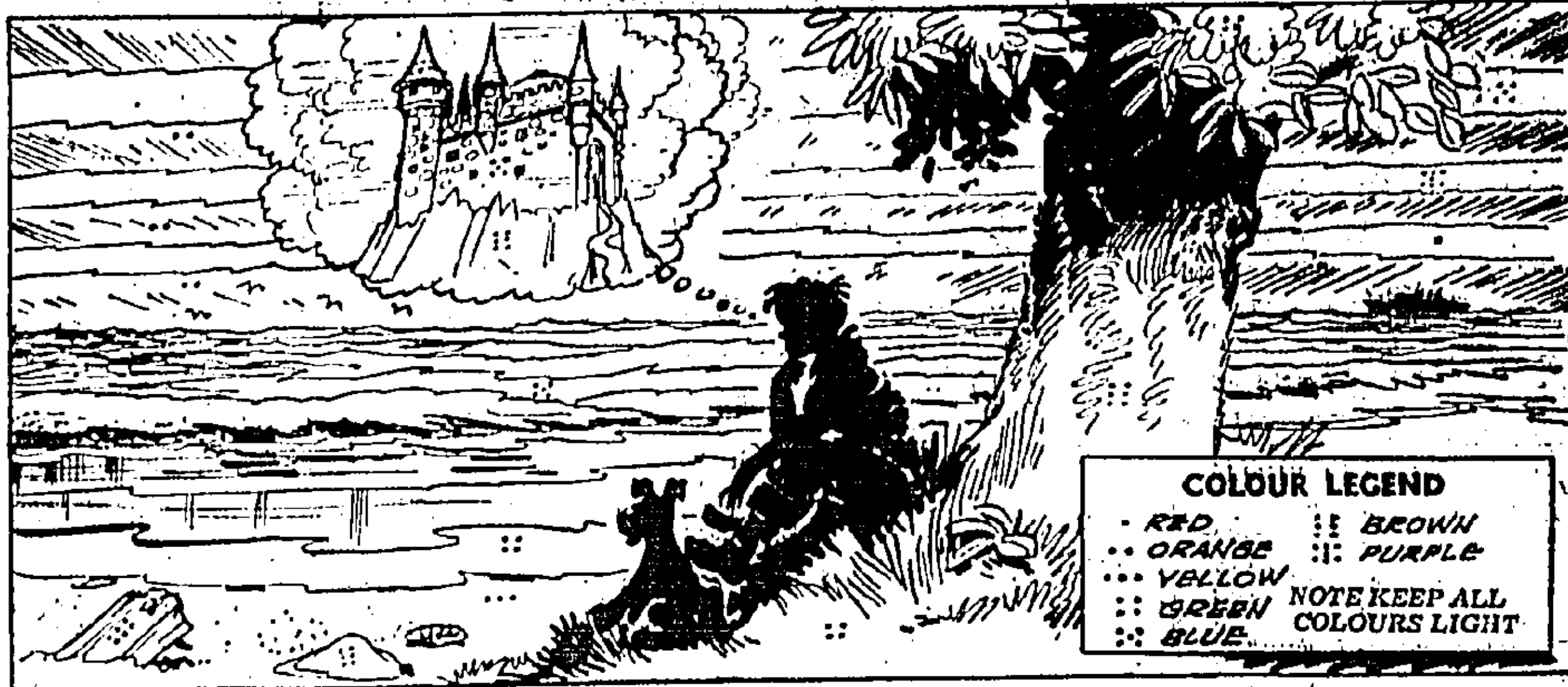
### TODAY

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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## Crayon Fun—Build Coloured Castles In Air



## Our World—Scotty's Castle Is Still Amazing

AN amazing feature about Death Valley is the fact that man conquered it even to the extent of erecting huge and beautiful buildings. If you were to go there today, you could visit Death Valley Scotty's castle, which is really the show place of the area. You would find it up against the mountains in Grapevine Canyon.

"Scotty," whose real name was Walter Scott, died in 1954. He has almost become a legendary figure today in spite of the fact that he was one of the roughest, toughest old pioneers who ever attempted to "name" Death Valley.

Once he decided to enter it, snakes, sandstorms and buzzards had to give way to him. Scotty was a man of great wealth in his later years although you would never have dreamed it if you could have seen him as I did in his faded blue shirt, open at the neck,



Death Valley Scotty

"spinning tall yarns." All he asked was an audience. At one time in his early days he rode with Buffalo Bill, being a natural showman, it was

no wonder that he erected this seemingly impossible, but magnificent, castle. Nothing less gaudy would have satisfied him. I hope some day you can drive up to the concrete, towered structure which will, perhaps, remind you first of Spain. You will pay the \$1.00 fee and then walk over the bridge into the castle.

As you travel from room to room, gay coloured tiles (which blend with the desert shades) will smile up at you from all directions. Exquisite rugs and tapestries and valuable ornaments from Italy, Spain and other European countries will make your eyes pop. You will find everything you expect to find in a castle, from hand-wrought iron work to beautifully carved doors and coloured lights.

All of this will seem strange, but of place to you in this weird blazing desert. But Death Valley is a land of unbelievably exciting contrasts.

—By CAROLYN M. CRANE

## Short Story—Petunia Elephant Plays A Joke

PETUNIA elephant walked down the path through the jungle. At least, she was walking as well as a very fat young elephant could walk.

"Here's a puddle, Petunia!" screamed Peter Parrot from the tree above. "Step on it and make it disappear."

Sure enough. A puddle stretched clear across the path. Splash! Down came one foot right in the puddle. The puddle disappeared. She had splashed all of the water out. It happened that way every time—those short legs.

Peter laughed and laughed. He almost fell off the branch. Petunia didn't laugh. She almost felt like crying. She thought Peter was teasing her. She wiped her eyes with her trunk.

"Let's play hide and seek, Petunia is the best," a monkey called from another tree. Down the monkeys climbed and began to run toward Petunia. One, Brownie, even jumped onto her back.

"Just one to base in," called Brownie, from her back. Petunia didn't want to be base. She couldn't run, she was so fat. So she never played

games. Big tears slid down her trunk. "Why, Petunia," said Peter parrot, "you have cried a puddle of tears. Step on it and make it disappear."

"Won't!" said Petunia, pouting. Now they would tease some more. Oh, if only she could think of a joke to make them laugh. They always made jokes and laughed at her. Did a joke have to hurt people's feelings?

Suddenly, Petunia cheered up. She had thought of a joke—and it was one that wouldn't hurt anyone.

"Let's go for a walk," she suggested. "Yes, let's," agreed Peter. All the monkeys ran to join them. Petunia started down the path that led to the lake. She hurried but the others got ahead.

When she got to the lake she saw all the monkeys standing on the log. Peter was on the log, also. They all liked to stand on the log and look into the water.

"Oh, dear, Another puddle!" Petunia said, when she got there. "Step on it, Petunia. Make it disappear!" shouted Brownie and the other monkeys.

That was just what Petunia wanted them to say. She walked out on the log very carefully. How she hoped they would laugh at her joke.

Then she stepped hard onto the water. In fact, she JUMPED in right by the log. Splash! What a tremendous noise it made. First the log bounced. Then, down fell the water all over the monkeys and on Peter.

"Why, the water is still here," Petunia tried to sound surprised. "It hit you and bounced back into the lake!" Brownie began to laugh. Peter and the monkeys laughed. They all thought Petunia's joke was funny. And they loved the cooling shower.

—By LORRAINE BURDICKS

## Hobby Corner—Snails

SNAILS are almost as interesting as they are slow, according to an Oklahoma State University graduate student who is probably the state's champion snail collector.

Branson Branson has collected approximately half a million of these slow-moving creatures in the past four years. "Snails are unique," he says. "They can walk on water, change their sex, breathe by two different methods and on occasion have been used for money."

They eat by means of a raspy tongue called a radula which is so efficient that in several states snails cause serious damage to truck gardens.

Some snails are able to glide along the surface of water by laying down a path of slime on which to tread.

Snails move—Branson estimates a good sized specimen can creep about six inches a minute if he's in a hurry by means of peristalsis, series of waves produced by muscle contraction.

Snail breathing systems are unique. One species, the Apple snail, which can be found in Oklahoma only in one area, has a tube which it elevates above the water's surface when it needs air.

The Germans supposedly got the idea for submarine snorkels after observing this snail procedure.

However, if the snail can't for some reason, use his snorkel, he still doesn't have to worry about where his next



breath is coming from, says Branson. He can take oxygen directly from the water by means of a cloak of tissue inside his shell.

Oxygen simply spreads through the tissue which is richly supplied with blood, and carbon dioxide escapes in a similar manner.

In Oklahoma, snails have little value other than as inhabitants of the home aquarium, but in other places, they have a variety of commercial uses.

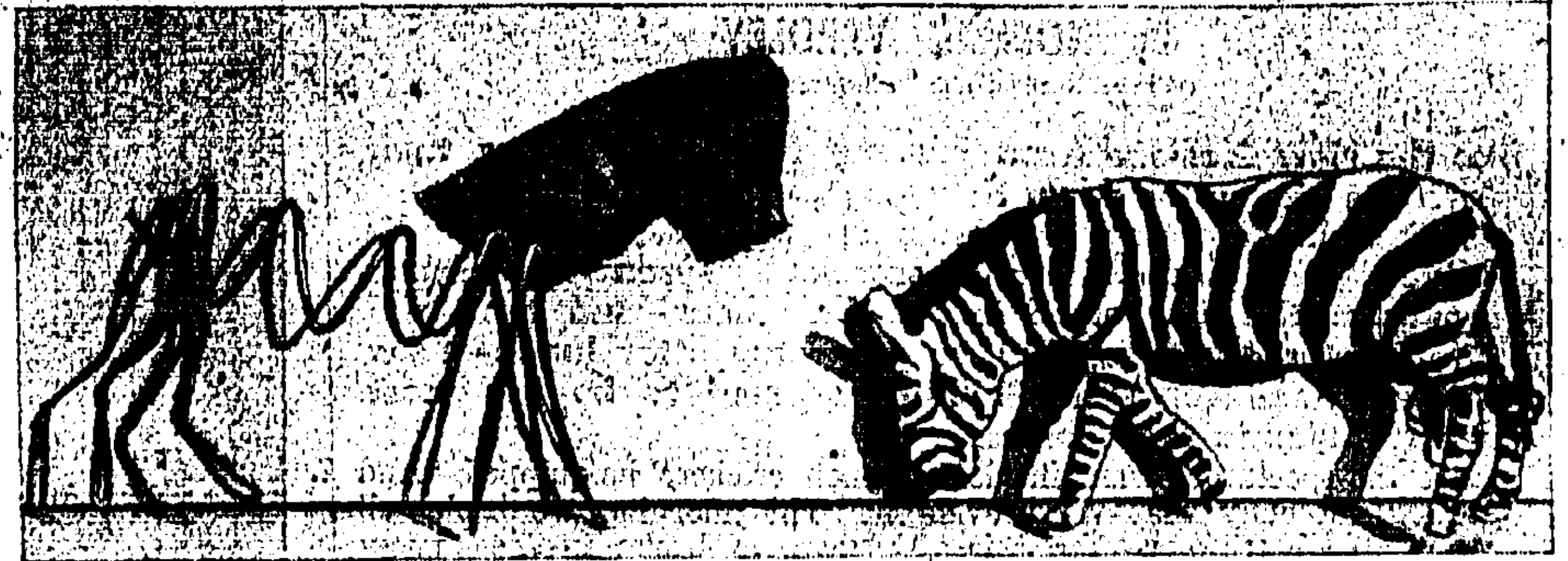
They are considered quite a delicacy in some countries, especially in France. In past years, natives in the Pacific Islands have used snail shells for money. Even today, collectors will pay as much as \$500 for a rare shell, Branson says.

Most of Branson's snails have gone into the university's collection which now totals nearly two million specimens. It includes about 250 species, 128 from Oklahoma, ranging in size from a tiny snail, about the size of a grain of sand, to Apple snails, nearly the size of a man's hand.

Despite his fast snail collecting pace in the past, Branson isn't about to expand his subject. The Oklahoma student estimates there are more than 80,000 species of snails in the world.

## Things To Do—

## Make Your Own Menagerie



You will have lots of fun making all sorts of animals of wire and putty or clay. You can have all the toys you want. Simply bend the wire roughly into the shape of the animal you want to make, as shown at left. Next, press the material over it and shape with the fingers. When it hardens, sandpaper smooth and paint, as shown at right, above. There is no limit to the size of your menagerie—a long-necked giraffe, elephant with outstretched trunk, pudgy hippopotamus, spotted leopard and even a long boa constrictor.

## Mr Merlin's New Shoes

—When He Put Them On, He Went Floating Around—

By MAX TRELL

KNARE and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names, were sitting on the steps in back of the house. They were wondering whether it was worth walking around the block to visit a friend who always had cookies to give them, when they heard footsteps on the pavement.

Looking up, they saw that it was their friend Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician. He was carrying a shoe box under his arm.

"Good morning, my dears," said Mr. Merlin.

Knares and Hanid returned the greeting.

Mr. Merlin sat down beside them on the steps and started undoing the string around the shoe box.

### Brand-New Shoes

"I've just bought myself a brand-new pair of shoes," he said. "They're a little tight on me. I think I may have to take them back and exchange them for a larger pair."

"Oh, that's a shame," said Hanid. "Why did you buy them if they were tight?"

"They're supposed to be very good shoes," said Mr. Merlin. "The shoe salesman who sold them to me said that if I walked in them for awhile, I would feel as though I were floating in the air."

### They Looked Ordinary

By this time, Mr. Merlin had untied the string and had taken out the pair of shoes. They seemed like perfectly ordinary black shoes except that there was something strange coming out of the backs of them.

"They seem to have bird wings on them," said Knares. "Dear me," said Mr. Merlin. "I do believe you're right. I've never seen such odd things on shoes before."

"I'd better take these shoes back right away. I can't go walking around with bird wings on my shoes. What will people think?"

Mr. Merlin started putting the shoes back in the shoe box but Knares and Hanid both urged him to try them on first.

### Wings Were Flapping

It seemed to Knares that he noticed that the bird wings were flapping about a bit.

"Very well," said Mr. Merlin. "I'll try them on just to please you both. But mind you, I'm



Knares saw the bird wings on Merlin's new shoes.

not going to wear them. I don't want shoes with bird wings. I want regular ordinary good shoes."

Mr. Merlin put his feet in the new shoes, tied the laces and stood up.

"I'll just walk to the bottom of the stairs and up again," he said. "I don't want to scratch the bottoms of the shoes, otherwise the store won't take them back."

With this, Mr. Merlin started down the stairs but he never really got his feet down at all. Instead of walking down the stairs, he floated down.

"Look at those bird wings!" Knares said to Hanid. "Look at them flapping!"

Down the stairs went Mr. Merlin, floating like a bird!

"Why, this is delightful!" he said. "These shoes make me feel as though I'm floating in the air just like the salesman said!"

Mr. Merlin liked the shoes so much that he went floating down to the end of the street and back again.

### Wonderful Thing

Then Mr. Merlin did a wonderful thing. He lent the shoes to Knares. They were a bit big, but Knares went floating all around the block, up to the house of the friend who had all the cookies, and came floating back, smiling with joy.

Even Hanid tried the shoes on. She floated over the garden, just above the daisies and Buttercups.

"Just the same," said Mr. Merlin later, "I think I'd better return these shoes. I don't think it's a good idea to have bird wings on them. What will people think?"

And nothing that Knares and Hanid said would make Mr. Merlin change his mind.

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Visit President McKinley:

### McKINLEY REBUS

Use the words and pictures to your fullest advantage to find the four places associated with President McKinley that Puzzle Pete has hidden. In his rebus:



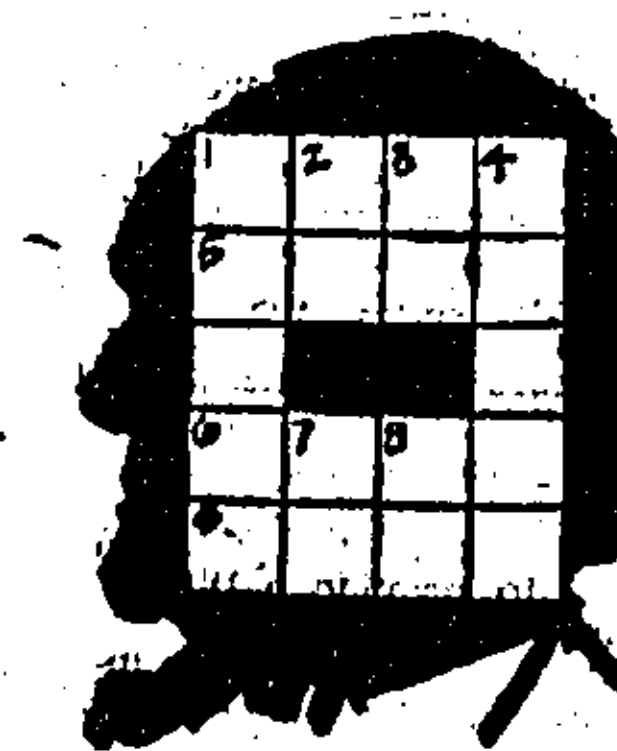
### MIRROR WORK

If you have trouble with these strange words, try reading them backward. You'll find each of them had a connection with President McKinley:

ENAM PHISLETAB  
NOTKAS ADI  
ZSOGLOZC NOEL

### McKINLEY CROSSWORD

Puzzle Pete had Cartoonist Cal place his crossword puzzle on a silhouette of President McKinley to dress it up:



### ACROSS

1 President McKinley was the seventh of — children in his family.  
5 Shinkage's river.  
6 He was shot in Buffalo, a Lake — port.  
8 Soothsayer.

### DOWN

1 Titles.  
2 Four (Roman).  
3 Opposite of "yes".  
4 Come in.  
7 Musical note.  
8 Id est (ab.)

### JUMBLED SENTENCE

Help Puzzle Pete straighten out his sentences about President McKinley.

1. favourite red made of Ohio, 1901. flower, flower state, died McKinley's was native he the state carnation, his when in

### McKINLEY DIAMOND

Mrs McKinley was a CASHIER in her father's bank where she married President McKinley, so Puzzle Pete uses that as a centre for his word diamond.

The second word is "possessor"; third "in a hurry"; fifth "pays"; sixth "opposite of no." Complete the diamond from these clues:

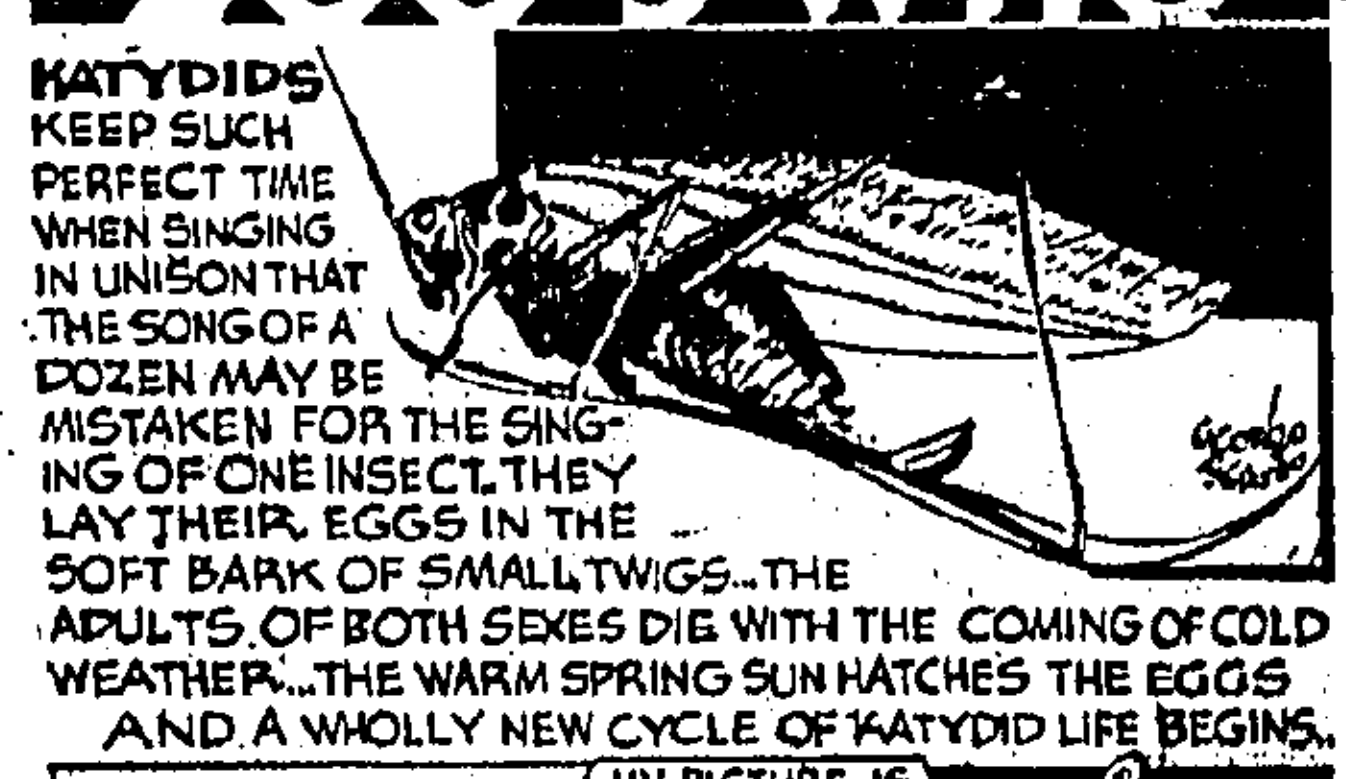
C  
A  
S  
H  
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E  
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(Solutions on Page 19)

## Brain Teaser

EACH of these words begins with "double." How many of them can you complete?

- Double ———. Ambiguous language.
- Double ———. Bar for harnessing two horses.
- Double ———. Slow run.
- Double ———. Two couples going out together.
- Double ———. Treacherous act.
- Double ———. \$20 U.S. gold coin.
- Double ———. Hypocritical.
- Double ———. Method of bookkeeping.
- Double ———. Pair of pots that fit into each other.
- Double ———. Two baseball games.
- Double ———. Two meanings.
- Double ———. Descriptive of certain type of gun.

## 4000'S WHO



KATYDIDS KEEP SUCH PERFECT TIME WHEN SINGING IN UNISON THAT THE SONG OF A DOZEN MAY BE HEARD FOR THE SINGING OF ONE INSECT. THEY LAY THEIR EGGS IN THE SOFT BARK OF SMALL TWIGS. THE ADULTS OF BOTH SEXES DIE WITH THE COMING OF COLD WEATHER. THE WARM SPRING SUN HATCHES THE EGGS AND A WHOLLY NEW CYCLE OF KATYDID LIFE BEGINS.

BABY ZEBRAS HAVE BROWN STRIPES. THEY TURN BLACK AS THE ZEBRA AGES. THE STATE FLAG OF LOUISIANA DEPICTS A PELICAN.

## Rupert and the Silent Land—47



At the Potters the suspected agent of Rupert's little friends who have been the silent hulk behind have followed it and are now being spellbound at the mysterious power. They haven't noticed it. Whispers the old man. "Let's creep round the bushes and listen to them." And they are







